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NEVERFAIL:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF THE BORDER.

A Tale of Kentucky.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

PREMONITIONS OF DANGER.

It was observable that the Underwitted grew restless and weary as the parties progressed; and when, near night, they entered a wood more lonely and dark than any they had traversed during the day, his anxiety visibly increased. Leaving the place which he had kept beside Philena Foote the greater part of the time, he pressed close to Judith, nor would he leave her for a moment. As the sun declined to his place of setting and the dimness of twilight crept into the profound depths of the forest, Billy seemed to rise out of his apathy, and call in such of his wandering senses as were capable of being excited to action; and they appeared mostly limited to sight and hearing. Sounds that escaped other ears startled his. Objects that eluded the sight of the keenest hunter had strange palpability to his. He glanced from point to point of the compass with the utmost eagerness, or, bending his head until his face touched his horse's mane, listened with absorbing intensity of purpose.

Waldron, who had been watching his movements for the last hour, shook his head dubiously and remarked to Neverfail, in a low voice:

"The boy's nervousness, I fear, bodes us no good. He has a wonderful faculty, I think, of detecting the proximity of Indians. Last night, you will recollect, he was similarly affected, though not to such a notable extent."

Notwithstanding Waldron spoke in a suppressed voice, the lad turned partially in his saddle, and holding up his finger emitted a sibilant sound so strikingly significant, so full of warning, that Neverfail and Lockwood instinctively grasped their rifles and looked about for a foe.

"I could wish," added Waldron, "that we were well out of this sombre forest—the gloomiest, it seems to me, that I ever saw. Are we not near a spot where we can with propriety encamp for the night?"

Neverfail, to whom this interrogatory was addressed, was not in haste to answer. He mused a little, like a prudent man; swept the dim shadows of the silent wilderness with his calm eyes; laid his rifle in an easier position across his left arm, and slowly replied:

"In less than a mile from here is a spot where I've been calculatin' to camp. As you've said, gov'ner, this is a dark lookin' strip of timber, naterally fitted for an ambush and things of that kind. This has been a famous battle ground for the redskins. The Chickasaws, Cherokees, and Miamies have had more than one desprit fight on this very sile we're travelin' over. There's scarcely a foot of land hereabouts, that hasn't been stained with heathen blood, one time or another. It's a piece of airth that isn't over and above safe for folks with white complexions. If we was twenty miles from here, I shouldn't care. And then there's womankind among us; and that sort are a leetle apt to be skeery, and embarrass the fightin' men that have plenty to do to load and fire and make a successful stand agin the cunnin' pagans; but that dispersition I s'pose is born with 'em and they can't help it. You fear there's danger, and so there is, and it'll be long afore there wont be danger in this solitary place."

"The intense silence, with the dim shades of twilight falling through the branches of the trees, across our devious way, is indeed calculated to impress the soul with an awe approaching fear. If my poor girl was at some peaceful fireside far from hence, I should not feel this load of oppression weighing heavily upon my mind," said Waldron, despondingly, still observing the nervousness and vigilance of Billy.

"The strange conduct of that boy has throwed a damp upon your spirits, gov'ner."

Neverfail stopped and the whole party followed his example. He cast his eyes about as if looking for some landmark with which he was familiar.

"Lockwood," he said, addressing the borderer, "if you'll remain here and keep a sharp watch over the party, I'll go ahead and see that the way is clear."

The forester dismounted, and enjoining it upon all to make no noise, soon disappeared in the deep obscurity.

"Billy, what excites you?" asked Judith, of the lad.

"I-n-g-i-n-s!" he responded, with mournful emphasis, turning his eyes wistfully towards his interlocutor.

"W-o-o-d-s!" he added, pointing with his finger into the murkiest quarter of the forest.

"Be quiet, my poor lad! There are brave men here who will take care of you," said Judith, soothingly.

"K-i-l-l J-u-d-i-t-h!" returned Billy, speaking with less hesitation, and more coherency of thought.

"No, Billy, I shall not be harmed, I think. Our friends will be sure to protect me," Judith replied, in as cheerful a tone as she could assume, although the fears of the boy disturbed her not a little, for she knew that persons of his unfortunate class, were sometimes endowed with unerring instincts; or, more properly, that one (or more) sense was sharpened to atone, in a degree, for the obtuseness of others.

"Tell me in what direction they are," said Lockwood.

The boy shook his head and made no answer until Judith repeated the borderer's question, when its purport gleamed readily across his darkened understanding. He raised his arm and with a shaking finger indicated the same spot he had recently designated by the same means.

"You will all remain where you are, and observe the strictest silence, while I endeavor to learn whether there is indeed foundation for the lad's fears. I shall not, I am sure, act contrary to the wishes of Neverfail by leaving you long enough for the time required to go a dozen rods and return," said Lockwood, leaping lightly from the saddle.

"I hope you will not venture alone in that dismal place," said Judith, quickly, and then blushed at her own hastiness.

"I am inured to danger, Miss Waldron; and when duty points the way, be assured that I shall not shrink from it. It is a settled part of my philosophy that one will not die till his time comes, whatever be the perils he may be called upon to encounter. Depend upon it, people do not die without the agency of an overruling hand. The leaves have their time to fall from the trees, and so man has *his* time to fall."

While making this rejoinder, the borderer reprimed his rifle, and before Judith had time to reply, was moving towards the quarter of the woods to which Billy most constantly turned his attention. It was not without much uneasiness that Judith saw Lockwood vanish like a phantom amid the trees. She knew from his general bearing that he had more than a superficial knowledge of woodcraft, and in this respect was second to no one of the party—Neverfail, perhaps, excepted. She could not but think at that moment of the quiet home she had left to enter upon this adventurous enterprise, and pass through these sombre and awful solitudes. But she wisely kept her reflections to herself, and spoke words of encouragement not only to Billy but to the females, who now exhibited strong symptoms of fear, notwithstanding they were children of the frontier. Philena began to murmur at the circumstances in which she found herself, placing the burden of the blame—as some females are apt to do—upon the one most innocent of it. She said that she always had, very foolishly, permitted herself to be governed by other people, when she trusted she was old enough to know better. This would be a lesson to her—provided she lived to profit by it—which was extremely doubtful, according to present appearances. Everybody might now see what came of "persiflage and proclamations," and other wild and improper schemes. All this fault finding was aimed at Judith, who bore it with the most exemplary patience, turning away the anger of the spinster by soft answers, according to the precepts of the ancient penner of proverbs.

"Verily, our lines have fallen in unpleasant places," quoth Obed Slingsby, with a twang more nasal than usual. "If the blind lead the blind, shall not both fall into the ditch together? Yes and truly!"

Obed rested upon his toes and see-sawed after his fashion, during the delivery of the last period.

"As young and thoughtless as I am," answered Philena, tossing her head enough to show that she did not intend to make herself cheap by the frequent giving of her opinions, "and as inexperienced as I am, I call that the truth, without increase or diminution. And if there's anything that I know, it's the truth; and if there is anything that I despise and set my face agin, it's persiflage and proclamations. Ah-O!"

The exclamation with which she concluded this ingenuous expression of sentiment, she had infectiously caught from Obed, during an acquaintance of some months with that gentleman, and which she used on all important occasions, having the sagacity to see that it pleased him to have an imitator and admirer. For certain reasons which will be guessed at, Philena was fast becoming a convert to the sect of the Muggletonians, of which Lodovic Muggleton was the founder and Obed a shining disciple.

"Your faith that the heathen—as you are pleased to term them—will be scattered, appears to have sensibly decreased since morning," Judith remarked.

"The leaders of the chosen people, when they fled out of Egypt, were of true faith, and their conversation was with grace seasoned with salt. Yes, and verily!"

"What evil have you discovered in our leaders?" pursued Judith.

"I have judged no man and called no man by name. Yet this much I will boldly say: There is one having authority among us, who has no knowledge of the life and doctrines of Lodovic Muggleton, and sits in gross mental darkness. How can one guide us through the howling wilderness who has no lamp within to illuminate his understanding. I marvel not that we are in deadly peril of the heathen! Ah-ah!"

It was apparent that Obed was laboring under considerable fear, while the destruction of the redskins—so confidently predicted by him—was not distinctly defined in his mentality.

Mr. Waldron warned the parties to silence, in obedience to the injunction of Neverfail and Lockwood. The apprehensions of the boy seemed to increase rather than subside; and Judith exhibited her kindly nature in vain endeavor to pacify his fears and quiet his agitation.

Presently Lockwood returned, and a moment later the form of Neverfail was seen approaching. They stepped aside and conferred together.

"We'll move on a few yards farther," said Neverfail, turning to Waldron when this conference with the borderer ceased, "to a small glade, and settle ourselves for the night in the best way we can. We can construct some kind of a shelter for the women, perhaps, and get along very well. I'm not parfict—nobody's parfict—but I'll bear my part of the danger and inconvenience without flinchin', and expect every one among us will do the same."

"Have you seen any signs of the nearness of—of an enemy?" Judith inquired.

Neverfail raised Suredeath tenderly, lifted the pan, looked mechanically at the priming, lowered it to its place without noise, passing his thumb nail across the flint, and then gently dropped the breech of the weapon to the ground.

"On account of not being parfict, miss, my judgment isn't allers to be relied on," he answered, quietly. "As you parceive, it's putty thickish jes' now, and human critters haven't eyes like a cat—which is a beast that can see naterally in the dark; therefore," he added, deliberately, "I may or may not have seen signs of the redskins."

Judith considered this reply evasive and unsatisfactory, and expected he would communicate something more to the point; but in this she was mistaken. Neverfail took his horse by the bridle, and signifying that the parties should follow him, proceeded towards the spot of which he had spoken.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Philena. "That man has given me a terrible turn!" Philena always had a "terrible turn," when she was alarmed or startled by anything that happened, or was said. "I haven't had such a powerful turn this many a day. Didn't you see that he held somethin' back and examined the powder in his gun. I know we shall all be killed—murdered by horrid Injins—burned at the stake—cut up with tomahawks and scalped on the head! All this comes of persiflage and proclamations."

"Verily, we are encompassed about by a cloud of dangers, and the red heathen lifts up his pointed arrows against us. We shall fall before the pagans, and not one of use scape out of their hands. O, that I had hearkened unto the counsels of prudence, and been content to abide in the distant habitations of my people! Ah-ah!" deposed Slingsby, solemnly.

Judith wished to question the borderer, and availing herself of the first opportunity, asked him in a voice that could be heard by him only:

"Did you make discoveries calculated to excite suspicion, Mr. Lockwood?"

"The darkness prevented me from making a very rigid examination of the ground. An Indian footprint upon the grass cannot well be detected by such a sepulchral light as this," Lockwood replied, with the slightest hesitation possible, but which did not escape the quick apprehension of Judith.

"You are not quite frank with me, sir. You do not have confidence enough in my firmness to say without disguise, 'I believe savages are lurking in the vicinity, watching a favorable moment of attack!' My nerves may be stronger than you give me credit for," resumed Judith, with some earnestness.

"I will pass to your credit a large amount of courage, Miss Waldron. When confronted by the Chickasaw chief, your bearing was indeed heroic. From what, during our brief acquaintance, I have seen of your character, I willingly accord you much presence of mind, and an adventurous spirit; although," he continued, dropping his voice to a lower key, and speaking more slowly, "I think the sight of an Indian in his war-paint—under *some* circumstances—might terrify you."

Possibly there was more invidiousness in his manner than he intended should be apparent, for Judith did not reply immediately, and when she did, it was with some coldness.

"Judge not too hastily of the motives of those you do not intimately know. There is sometimes danger that we may do injustice by forming opinions from an isolated fact or incident."

She hesitated, and then in a more frank and kindly tone, added:

"But you are disposed, I perceive, to do me justice in the matter of courage, though resolved not to be very communicative in relation to our present unpleasant surroundings."

The borderer was framing an apologetic response, when Neverfail ordered a halt. They had reached the glade, and Lockwood immediately entered into the practical details of procuring as much comfort and safety as their situation would allow. It must be confessed that while he assisted in these operations, his mind, notwithstanding the peril, was strangely occupied with Judith. The charm cast upon him the last night, was infinitely stronger for the lapse of twenty-four hours. His feelings towards her were of a singularly conflicting character, considerable doubt and mistrust being mingled with his admiration; the former, however, never predominating over the latter. If suspicion was at one moment painful, his interest in her the next bordered on fascination, and he mentally pronounced her the mirror of feminine truth. A passion had sprung up in the heart of Lockwood that gathered strength every hour, and thus had the prestige of absolute worship, in process of time. Her face and figure pleased his fancy, her deportment charmed him, her conversation and sense won his heart. Never in one so young had he seen grace and dignity, gentleness and firmness so felicitously blended. He could not recall an intonation of her voice or a movement of her person that it was not a pleasure to remember. The recollection of the nocturnal meeting in the forest did not disenchant him—the *mystery* of it served (almost unknown to himself) to enthrall and interest him more potently.

No man of the party was more on the alert than the borderer that night. In his view there was much at stake—and that much was Judith. Her affections might be pledged, for aught he knew, and to an object utterly unworthy of her thoughts; but he considered it a privilege to defend her at the peril of life itself—which is generally dearest to humanity.

No selfish considerations he resolved should influence his action in that regard. His suddenly conceived friendship—he called it that only—should be as disinterested as sudden, and unspeakably stronger than its newness would seem to warrant.

CHAPTER V.

THE ATTACK.

Having seen the work of constructing a temporary shelter commenced and going forward with as little noise as possible, Lockwood placed himself at a small distance from the parties in a watchful attitude, as one expectant of cause of alarm in that particular quarter more than at other points.

"I-n-j-i-n-s, J-u-d-i-t-h!"

The borderer involuntarily started, and turning round beheld the Underwitted standing before him, his pale face looking ghastly white in the contrasted darkness. He fixed his eyes with a peculiarly wistful expression (intensified by fear) upon Lockwood.

"Judith shall be defended, my poor lad," said the borderer. "Go back to your friends. This is not a fitting place for such as you."

Billy stood a few seconds as if striving to comprehend what Lockwood had said, and then saying "Judith" again in his melancholy tones, obeyed the behest of the borderer.

Before the camp was completed, the darkness had paled a little before the rising moon, then in its first quarter. The trained visuals of Lockwood could penetrate the forest and see objects at some yards distance, grim in the gloom.

"My sight isn't parfict," said Neverfail in a whisper, stealing softly to the borderer's side, "but I've seen objicks that I don't fancy dancin' and flittin' like phantoms among the trees."

"My own dull eyes," returned Lockwood, "have detected similar appearances. I have rubbed them repeatedly, thinking it possible they were blurred and weakened by long looking; but the shadowy forms still occasionally crossed the field of vision, away in the direction towards which our faces are turned."

"It isn't diffikilt to see, stranger, that you've been in the woods afore, and know an Injin trail from a deer-path, and a painted face from a buffaler's shaggy head. If you can shoot as well as you can spy out signs of the heathen redskins, you're the man we want to-night. The wampum-lovin' varmints are astir. The howlin' pagans are out in their fightin' feathers. There's mischief in every bush, and deviltry ahind the trees."

While Neverfail was speaking, a slight wind breathed through the forest, making a hollow sound in the trees, wafting his whispered words to the ears of the borderer.

"Look yonder at that bush, nearly in range with that tall tree. Do you not see two small objicks in it gleaming like a panther's eyes in the darkness?" resumed Neverfail.

"I've been watching them for the last minute."

"I aint parfict, as you know, but I should say them is eyes—some kind of eyes that ought to be asleep, or anywhere but hereabouts. I can't help thinkin' that Suredeath has a word to say in such a case; though there's scarcely light enough to bring him down to a dead sartainty."

"Will it be prudent to fire before we are molested?" asked Lockwood.

"It's allers prudent to destroy an enemy when the chance is offered, though a brave man will never be guilty of an act of wanton cruelty," Neverfail replied in low tones. "Let 'em come! Let 'em do their worst and least. They wont have it to say they took Neverfail by surprise, or found Suredeath cold and idle."

"I'll do it," he added, presently, speaking evidently in reference to the shining objects. "Come, Suredeath, come! Look at that bush. Steady, old feller, and send your compliments atween them eyes!"

The forester raised his rifle. The faint light flickered feebly upon the barrel, shimmering uncertainly upon the "sights." The weapon was lowered, but the clouds breaking a little, it went deliberately back to his shoulder, as if it were controlled by machinery rather than the human muscles that are subject to excitement.

"Stop but an instant, friend Neverfail," quoth the voice of Obed Slingsby, whose tall, gaunt figure suddenly appeared. "Stop but an instant. I will get behind this tree and wrestle mightily in thy behalf that the shaft may be directed to the destruction of this red son of Ham. Yea and verily!"

"Hush!" sibilated Lockwood, sternly, and with a gesture that made Slingsby recoil.

Suredeath threw out a jet of fire, and its metallic voice resounded through the forest with exceeding sharpness, finding innumerable responses near and distant, dying away, anon, in the far-off depths with spent and softened tones.

The borderer's attention was fixed upon the bush, but he saw neither sign nor motion, nor the gleaming of eyes. When the echoes of Suredeath had ceased to ring in the woods, the silence remained as unbroken as before. There was no answering fire-arm, no shrill and startling cry, such as the savage emits in the moment of his rage.

Slingsby ran back to the camp he had left, while Lockwood and Neverfail followed him more deliberately, the former reloading as he went. The camp which had been constructed, was indeed a frail and insufficient protection against a determined assault, which they had good reason to apprehend. It was made of such light material as came most readily to hand, covered at the top with boughs and pieces of bark. Around this hastily erected shelter, a small enclosure was made with the trunks of trees. The enclosure was not only for the safe keeping of the horses, but intended to serve as a breastwork, also, in the event of an attack. The faithful animals—the horses—being unloaded, were huddled together at one side of this circumscribed space, not well content, after a day of hard labor, to forego their usual freedom to regale upon the tender herbage and verdure with which every glade abounded.

Waldron, who had been attending to these needful matters, and working resolutely with others of the party, met Neverfail with an anxious face.

"I heard you fire. Tell me at once what you fired at, and what our prospects are for the night!" he said, with some little perturbation of manner.

"Suredeath don't cry out for nothin' at a time like this. Naterally it was a redskin. If it wasn't a redskin, it was somethin' that had eyes snaky and devilish. The prospects of the night are not of the best—on the whole, stormy and dubious. But we aint boys, gov'ner. We have seen the woods afore, heard the midnight whoop of savages, and the hissing of balls."

"You have given me a powerful turn!" uttered Philena, who, through curiosity or fear, had followed Waldron.

"The women-folks had better keep under kiver," said Neverfail, drily.

"We shall all be massacred! Dear me! Where's dear Mr. Slingsby?" added Philena, hysterically.

"Not far off, I'll wager!" rejoined Neverfail, invidiously.

"I don't care to hear persiflage, if you please. Nor detractions, nor proclamations. I'll stand up for brother Slingsby, though there's them present that would put him down and sneer at him. He's a chosen vessel, and the only one, in my view, that can advise us properly in this dreadful strait."

"I aint parfict—but I should say that he's rather a leaky vessel and not calculated to hold anything of any great value. He isn't a vessel that's bullet-proof, by no means. His head is somethin' like a wooden bowl, and perhaps that is the kind of vessel you alluded to."

"This isn't a season for persiflage, Mr. Neverfail, or whatever the Ingin of your name may be. It's your duty to stand round the women in a circle, and keep the hostile cretures at bay at the pint of the bloody bayonet. And I call on ye to see to it that not a hair of Mr. Slingsby's head comes to harm."

"Yes and verily! Ah—ah!" aspirated Obed Slingsby, who had during this colloquy occupied a rear position on Miss Foote's left.

The report of a musket in the vicinity, and the whistling of a ball close to her head, caused her to shrink in real terror and pronounce herself hopelessly murdered.

"It's my duty," quoth Obed, "to go straightway to the tent and make use of the potent formula prepared by Lodovic Muggleton for emergencies like this."

"From a worldly point of view it would seem that you might do more good with the weapons of common warfare," suggested Waldron.

"I deal not with things carnal but with things spiritual and potential. And lo I am much unnerved, and my heart is greatly disturbed within me. Verily, fear and trembling do take hold of me, and I am ready to faint by the way! Yea and truly!"

Obed hurried into the camp. Judith, hearing the report of the musket and the cries of Philena, came out, and enjoining silence upon her indiscreet tongue, assisted her to a more fitting place, to which Slingsby had preceded her, and where she found him too much terrified to employ those potential objurgations prescribed by Lodovic Muggleton in cases of extreme peril."

"Let every man and boy capable of pulling a trigger or dealing a blow, throw himself behind this breastwork and be ready to give and take with the red heathen; for there are scores of scalping-knives in the woods, and the blood of the redskin is hot and fiery in his veins. You were born upon the frontier—you are children of the border. Show yourselves worthy of your fearless sires," said Neverfail, glancing somewhat sternly around upon the men, who had left the various positions assigned them and rushed to the spot at the moment the report of the gun reached them.

"Lay down flat and close, and keep a sharp lookout, or the critters will swarm over this slight fence like a flock of sheep, only not so peaceable in their intentions."

These orders, given coolly and earnestly, were instantly obeyed. The pioneers sprang back to their places, and a moment later not a form was visible but those of Lockwood and the forester. The former had flung themselves down in the grass and bushes behind the palisades—if the frail breastwork of trees, supported by stakes and interlacing branches, can be thus called—and lying close to the ground, were nearly hidden from each other. This movement had scarcely been effected, when a discharge of guns and arrows followed, accompanied by the dire war-whoop of the fell and sanguinary Chickasaw, the remembrance of whose exploits are yet fresh and terrible, whether upon the levels of Kentucky or the rolling prairies of Texas in the days of St. Denis.

CHAPTER VI.

INCIDENTS OF THE NIGHT ATTACK.

SHELTERED by the protecting trunks of two trees, Lockwood and Neverfail heard the missiles of the foe passing by and falling near them, watching collectedly for the appearance of a painted face, that they might return these demonstrations effectually; it being with them an established principle not to waste powder by random firing; while it was a custom of the enemy to attempt to terrify by savage din. So absorbingly were their eyes directed toward the dangerous quarter, that neither of them noticed that Judith, having conducted Philena into camp, had come out again, and was near them, unsheltered from the hurtful storm, and yet unscathed by ball or arrow. Perceiving that they were oblivious to her presence, she approached Lockwood and attracted his attention, who, upon seeing her, caught her by the arm and drew her quickly to the sheltered position, exposing himself to the whistling bullets of the redskins.

"This, Miss Waldron, is most imprudent!" he exclaimed. "You have exposed yourself to needless peril, and I know not how you have escaped unwounded—if unwounded you indeed are—unless you bear a charmed life."

"Nay, this I cannot permit. Propriety forbids that a brave and efficient man, whose arm is needed, should expose himself while a helpless and coward girl is shielded at the cost of his safety," returned Judith, earnestly; and then added, "Where is poor Billy? He is missing."

Judith, with noble scorn of selfishness, would have quitted the place which had been so freely given her; but the borderer, divining her purpose, held her there with a gentle force.

"No," said he, warmly, "it is the honor and pleasure of manhood to protect your sex. You are generously seeking Billy. I have not seen him. I think he must be near."

While Lockwood was speaking, an arrow sped by an ambushed marksman struck his left arm which he had extended to detain Judith behind the sheltering tree. The shaft remained in the fleshy part of his fore arm.

"You are wounded, and for me!" cried Judith, plucking the arrow from his arm and preparing to bind her handkerchief about it.

"Yes," said the borderer, with a sigh, "I am wounded."

The wound to which he referred was not of the arm, but of the heart. He spoke with so much earnestness that a sense of his meaning, neither vague nor indistinct, flashed upon her understanding and called a crimson glow to her check.

"It is nothing," he added, recollecting himself. "The sting of a bee could scarcely be less trifling. Your gentle surgery will soon make ample amends."

He made this assertion with a degree of sincerity, yet the blood that flowed copiously from his sleeve seemed to give denial to his words.

"The fair ladies of the olden time," he returned, "did not disdain to have some knowledge of chirurgery, and were wont to bind the wounds of knight and squire. Sometimes a silken scarf was bound by white and lovely hands upon the injured part, and was worn thereafter as a distinguished favor. Although I am no errant knight, Miss Waldron, this," he added, touching the handkerchief, "shall be to me a badge of honor and as the favor of gentle damsel."

"Those things, I suspect," Judith rejoined, "usually transpired under circumstances less terrible than those that surround us; but inasmuch as they were indicative of kindness on one hand and esteem for women on the other, it is pleasant to recall them. Be this," she continued, "your favor, if you will, and as you seem destined to be my knight of the occasion, I trust you will not, then, disloyally disobey my first commands."

"If they be practicable, no," assented Lockwood, with a sudden quickening of his blood.

"I will lay but one injunction upon you, now: Look after that poor youth and secure his safety, if possible."

"At the hazard of life—since Judith and humanity command it," he responded, warmly.

"Yet humanity first and Judith afterward; it were more fitting. Now I will return to the camp. But stay—a word more. I will put yet another command upon you. It would appear that last night—" Judith paused, and Lockwood's interest was so much awakened that he well nigh forgot that a random ball might stretch him at any moment lifeless upon the earth at the maiden's feet.

"That last night you relieved the watch of Neverfail," she continued. "If your vigilant eyes saw aught that excited surprise and curiosity, I—I enjoin secrecy upon you."

The borderer was about to avow obedience to this mandate, but Judith vanished from his sight so quickly that his proposed promise remained unspoken. He approached Neverfail, who had been sufficiently near to hear a portion of this conversation, and said:

"Miss Waldron informs me that Billy is not in the camp."

"That reminds me that I haven't seen him for some time," he answered, without changing his position, keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon a copse twenty yards distant. "Stand a trifle more in the shadow, sir—you are a little too much in range. A redskin is practising upon this tree. See how he has splintered the bark! His next shot will be his last; I have found his lurking-place."

Lockwood did not attend to this warning a second too soon; a ball struck the tree, and glanced, whistled within an inch of his head. Simultaneously with this demonstration, Suredeath sent a reply into the copse. A figure sprang into the air and descended with a crash.

"His warfare is ended. You shoot with a steady hand and a ready sight. Ah! their rage increases. They make the forest tremble! Our friends begin to change shots with them. This is getting animated. I must look for Billy."

"Distracted with terror, he has crawled into the bushes somewhere, I'll be sworn, and lays shakin' like a hounded rabbit," said Neverfail, loading his rifle with wonderful quickness of movement.

"It is but an act of common duty to look for him. I will make what search I may around the camp."

"Don't expose yourself needlessly, Mr. Lockwood. Be prudent, for other lives are depending on ours. I perceive that you are already wounded, and the pretty Judith has been your surgeon."

The borderer passed around within the limits of the enclosure, examining every bush and the long grass, calling frequently the name of the boy, without, however, receiving any response. He made inquiries of the men, but without success; none of them had recently seen the lad.

He had nearly completed the circuit of the breastworks, and was near Neverfail, when Judith again appeared, anxious to know if he had discovered Billy. It was then considerably lighter than it had been for the last half hour, the narrow segment of the moon projecting its pale and flickering beams upon the glade without the obstruction of an intervening cloud. The Indians seemed afraid to risk an attack, but still kept up an irregular fire, which had yet done no damage.

Lockwood was about replying to Judith's question concerning the youth, when a figure leaped suddenly over the breastwork and stood erect and fearless before them. Instantly the borderer presented his rifle at the breast of the bold intruder; but Judith, springing forward, placed her person between the muzzle and the interloper, who, fixed and motionless, regarded him with a proud and haughty expression.

"Forbear!" exclaimed Judith. "He comes with no evil purpose."

"Since *you* plead for our enemies, I must submit," returned Lockwood, somewhat sarcastically, sinking the breech of his rifle moodily to the ground.

"Methinks you should not be in haste to slay one who has put himself in your power. His presence here, under such circumstances, cannot be for hostile intent, as reflection will convince you," Judith rejoined, wounded somewhat by the tone and manner of the borderer.

"Pardon me, Miss Waldron! I knew not that you expected a visitor. If it be your wish, and you feel that you can trust yourself with this savage, I—I will retire and—"

A derisive laugh from the Indian arrested the speaker. Pausing, he bit his lip in no gentle mood.

"I expected no one, sir—much less the personage that now confronts us. But I will not attribute your words to a motive really unkind," added the girl, in a lower tone.

"Miss Waldron, I am unjust! I beg you to forgive my unmanly hastiness. It ill becomes me to question your candor and ingenuousness. I deserve your anger—though it would make me miserable."

"My anger you shall not have, Mr. Lockwood. I cannot so soon be angry with one to whose arm I owe—life itself, perhaps. I ask—I ask charity," resumed Judith, emphasizing the last part of the sentence, adding immediately, "and that you will question him."

"You can ask nothing of me in vain," responded the borderer, impressively.

Neverfail had also approached, and with his bronzed hand grasping the barrel of his rifle, the breech of which rested upon the ground, stood looking suspiciously at the intruder, who, in a calm scornfulness of attitude and expression, awaited to be addressed.

"Red man, speak! Wherefore do you come?" added Lockwood, sternly, looking steadily into the glowing eyes of the savage.

"Hooh! Wherefore do I come! White man, I come because it pleases me to come." He paused, and then added slowly and emphatically, "And I shall go when it pleases me to go."

"I cannot waste words with you, proud savage; therefore if you have a purpose, speak it at once. Your presumption was great in trusting yourself here while your warriors are pouring upon us a shower of arrows and balls," said Lockwood.

"*Sire-age!*" hissed the Indian, with indescribable disdain. "Hooh! All things are done with purpose, pale-face. There is not a movement so small that it has not its purpose. You speak of presumption. Does not the wind go where it will? Does it ask permission to blow upon your face, or to play with the hair of the pale-checked girl? Does it not sweep through the woods, scattering the leaves and shaking the trees, and does it not creep into the wigwam and kindle the flames of the council-fires? The true son of the forest is untrammelled like the wild, uncurbed wind. He goes this way and that, and he has no heart for fear. He is not of the craven white race, whose faces are pale because their fathers were cowards."

A high and lofty courage shot from the eyes of the Indian.

"If you have aught to say," answered Lockwood, with dignity, "call off your warriors, whose shots are ringing about our ears."

"I have no warriors—I am alone. I hear the war-cry of the Chickasaw; but I am of the Cherokee. I am Trailseer. The forests of Kain tuck-kee are the hunting grounds of my fathers. I have a right to come and to go, and to tread every inch of this soil. I cast scorn and defiance at him who says, 'Go back! you have no right here!'"

"The name of Trailseer has reached my ears as that of a warrior of renown," returned the borderer.

"Redskin," quoth Neverfail, who was getting impatient, "time is passin', and we haven't got no more of it on hand than what we want for present uses; so if you've got any business with one or more of us, you'd better be comin' at it."

Trailseer glanced haughtily at the forester, and did not deign an immediate reply.

"Who talks? Is it a warrior?—or one whose pale blood makes him weak and sickly?"

Neverfail drew up his figure until he stood as straight and high as Trailseer himself. There was something like pride in his expression, when, quietly tapping his rifle with his hand, and returning the Indian's glance, he said: "I am Neverfail, and this is Suredeath!"

A grim smile of triumph curled the forester's lip when he had thus spoken.

"Cunning as the fox and hated by my people!" rejoined Trailseer, as if speaking to himself. Then raising his voice and pointing at Neverfail with his finger, continued: "You are the deadly foe of the red race. Your prying eyes have spied out our hunting grounds, and you have turned upon them a river of pale-faces with axes on their shoulders and fire-guns in their hands. Learn your death-song, Nightwalker, for you will not see many moons. Before the time of the falling leaves, the panther-eyed thief of a white man will forget his cunning; the winds will whirl his ashes through the forest, and his rifle will speak death to the red man no more. The Cherokee has sworn it!"

"I aint parfict, redskin, and I'm likely to be called for by the Great Spirit at any minute; but you can tell your warriors that the cheeks of Neverfail never blanch with terror at the idle threats of the blusterin' Cherokee, and he defies them to do their worst! Ingin! I've walked these woods for years, and I'll walk 'em till I die. I cannot live in the cleared fields and open places of human habitation. I cannot exist without the sounds and sights and scents of the forest. The Cherokee does not own the skies overhead, neither the trees, and the flowers, and the springing grasses, and the wild fowl and the deer, and the buffalo! All these belong to the Master of Life."

"This is brave talk, but it is but a pretext to rob us of our own. We cannot both possess the soil of Kain-tuck-kee. The white man or the red must stand back—the red will not. Come on! and we will fight you at every step and from behind every tree. We will make it a dark and bloody ground!"

"So be it!" replied Neverfail, thoughtfully, impressed in spite of himself by the earnestness of Trailseer. Nor could he but confess that the Indian had justice on his side. But the white man, he reflected, must follow his destiny—level the forests, build cities, and make the rivers and seas roads for commerce.

"The red man has said it!" added Trailseer, with dilated nostrils and heaving chest. "The red man has said it! He will abide by it."

"All that may be true; for it is the natur of the redskin to fight; but—" Neverfail stretched forth his arm and tapped Trailseer gently upon the breast,—"Trailseer is a prisoner."

The Indian did not move a muscle, or betray the least sign of discomposure. He seemed more like one who commanded there than one who obeyed.

"If I trusted," he rejoined, at length, in his deepest tones, "to the honor of the pale-face, my limbs would be bound; but I do not, and they are free. Nightwalker! Trailseer will live to see you supplicate for mercy in sight of the wigwams of the Cherokee."

Trailseer turned to Judith, and his whole manner changed. A soft and pleasant expression came to his face, and his voice became musical. He beamed upon her kindly with his eyes.

"Soft eyed daughter of the white man, the son of Alabamon will speak to you and tell you wherefore he has come. The boy, whose face is clouded by the Great Spirit, is safe. It is to restore him that I am here."

"I thank you; and yet I see him not," replied Judith.

Trailseer looked toward the woods and said "Come," when the Underwitted instantly sprang over the breastwork, trembling and pale.

"The Master of Life has a care of such, and the red man scorns to do them an injury. Had gheza Monedo willed it, this boy would have been as others; but he did not, and he is as he is. White girl, Trailseer has no more to say."

The son of Alabamon ceased, but did not withdraw his gaze from the face of Judith.

"You are ever—I mean you are brave and generous above the young warriors of your nation. Receive the gratitude of the white girl, and know that it will last many days. May your deeds be as high as the flight of the eagle, and your name be the most famous among the chiefs," responded Judith, with dignity.

"I would," said the borderer, feelingly, "that the hatchet of war could be buried deep in the earth, and that the pipe of peace could be smoked among the nations."

Trailseer's eyes began to kindle again, and his form to dilate with resentment.

"And wherefore peace?" he cried, fiercely. "I will tell you why you desire peace. It is the same as if you said, 'May the Indian be quiet and crouch down like a whipped dog while we rob him of his lands—while we drive him from one hunting ground to another—till he has no place left on which to raise a lodge or dig a grave.' O, I know what you will answer!" he added, striking upon his swelling breast in irrepressible emotion. "You will say, 'We have bought these lands from the redskins.' Hooh! Mockery! I could tear out my heart with anger! You traded with drunken and subordinate chiefs, who could no more sell these glorious possessions than they could sell the distant moon. O, the thing was impossible! Can a man sell the land on which he stands and leave no spot on which to lie down? Can he bargain never to have a grave on the face of the earth? Is not reason, and God, and nature against such a compact?"

Trailseer paused in sheer despair of expression, and falling back a pace or two, and clasping his hands, invoked the Deity in a tone so deep and impressive that it thrilled the listeners with awe.

"Great and awful Master of Life, whose angry voice is heard in the rolling thunder, and whose terrible face is seen in the darting lightnings, give strength to the avenging arm of the Cherokee, that he may arise in the hour of his burning wrongs and strike the pale-face *dead!*"

None spoke. Neverfail looked thoughtfully at the sky, Lockwood gazed mournfully at the chief, while Judith was so much affected that a feeling of awe stole upon her unconsciously.

"Nightwalker!" he added, suddenly, aspirating his words, "Nightwalker, tell your people Alabamon hates and defies them to the last. There is no peace—there can be none. Accursed be he who whispers peace to the ears of Alabamon, be he red man, or be he white."

"Verily, this heathen is stiff-necked and of a perverse and haughty spirit," said Obed Slingsby, who—the firing having ceased—had ventured once more into the open air. "It is through my strong intercession that this Philistine hath been delivered into your hands; therefore bew him down, even as Agag was hewn down by the command of the prophet."

The haughty Cherokee did not deign to notice the new comer, or to recognize his presence by the most trifling movement.

"It is not meet that this malign son of Beelzebub should live: he should be destroyed, and that without remedy. Yea and truly!"

Proud and panting, Trailseer still confronted Neverfail and the borderer, as if he would strike them down with the angry gleam of his eyes.

"Surely, it becometh me, as a true follower of Lodovic Muggleton, to rebuke this heathen. Good Neverfail, keep your rifle levelled at his breast, while I reason with this Agag of judgment to come. Ah ah!"

Having tipped upon his toes solemnly, and given the most effective rising nasal inflection, with a sliding flourish to his concluding exclamation, Obed approached Trailseer.

"Malevolent descendant of Hagar! It seemeth good unto me at this time to say a word to you at this eleventh hour. Thou art unto me as an outcast and a heathen man. It may be that thou hast never heard of the tenets of Lodovic Muggleton, who flourished about the time of Cromwell, and was one of the two last witnesses spoken of in the Revelation to St. John on the isle of Patmos. This Lodovic had the power to condemn and absolve whomsoever he pleased. I would call thy attention, fierce pagan," continued Slingsby, with warming zeal, venturing to stretch out his hand and touch Trailseer upon the arm, who thrust him from him with angry contempt, and flashed at him with his eyes.

Obed recoiled and fell prone on the ground, where he remained several seconds, commanding Lockwood and Neverfail to shoot "the red son of Satan, who had offered violence to a chosen instrument."

"I-n-g-i-n-s!" uttered the Underwitted, placing himself before Judith.

His drawling, melancholy tones seemed to be echoed from one hundred voices in the woods.

"Have you heard me, white men!" asked Trailseer, abating nothing of his dignity. "I throw the defiance of Alabamon in your faces, with the undying hatred of his son. I call upon the awful Monedo to witness to the justice of our cause, and to nerve our arms to meet you in deadly war! Nightwalker!—and you, Cloudy-face," glancing at Lockwood, "you shall see Trailseer where bullets hiss and scalping-knives leap from their sheath to drink blood!"

The Cherokee shouted the ringing war-cry of his people, and with an athletic bound, cleared the breastwork and disappeared.

"Inasmuch," said Obed, who had arisen to his feet, "as ye have suffered this heathen Agag to escape, and hewed him not down according to my commands, grievous evils shall come upon you, and that speedily. Ah-ah!"

"Mercy is a distinguishing attribute of the Christian religion," answered Judith.

"I cannot stop to argue with one who runs after vanities, and whose heart is as unstable as water," returned Slingsby.

"P-o-w-d-e-r-h-o-r-n-s!" said Billy, looking fixedly at Obed.

Lockwood and Judith smiled, which kindling what was irate within Obed, caused him to depose that:

"The laughter of fools is like the crackling of thorns under a pot. There are those that despise reproof and turn a deaf ear to counsel. Ah-ah!"

"Ah-ah!" echoed Philena, who joined the group in season to hear the concluding period.

"S-h-o-t-b-a-g-s!" quoth Billy, with his blank face turned upon the last speaker.

"You see," said Judith, addressing Lockwood, "the utter hopelessness of your mission to the Cherokees."

"The prospect is indeed unpromising," he returned. "I purposed to speak to the warlike savage who has just left us, in relation to my intention, but his abrupt departure thwarted my design."

The borderer had particular pleasure in pronouncing the word "savage," for he believed he had recognized in the majestic son of Alabamon the stately Indian who had met Judith in the forest; and this persuasion did not serve to tranquillize his feelings, or make her conduct appear in a less mysterious light—it greatly increased his doubts and perplexity.

"It is as well, perhaps," said Waldron, who had been a silent but not disinterested spectator to the closing part of this strange interview, "that the subject was not mentioned. He would have warned you of the danger of such an attempt, in which event you could hope to be received only as an enemy, and treated as such, without even the pretext of appealing to their magnanimity. Better to trust yourself among them boldly, than to throw yourself into their power after you have been warned of the peril."

"And what is *your* opinion, Miss Waldron; for I perceive that you are not such a novice in Indian affairs as I was at first disposed to think?"

Lockwood put this interrogatory in a pleasant tone, but it had a covert meaning which Judith did not fail to appreciate.

"My opinion," she answered, after a moment of painful embarrassment, "is but little worth, nor would it have weight with you if given; you will therefore pardon me if I do not express it. In truth, very young women, like myself, are supposed to have no opinions on most subjects, and this may be one of them."

Lockwood felt that his half playful thrust was adroitly parried. He bowed, and experienced some regret that he had wantonly given her pain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HEALTH INSURANCE.

A thin, cadaverous looking German, about fifty years of age, entered the office of a Health Insurance Company in Indiana, on the first day of May, 1856, says the Daily Courier, and inquired:

"Ish to man in vot inshures de people's helts?"

The agent politely answered, "I attend to that business, sir."

"Vell, I vants mine helts inshured; vot you charge?"

"Different prices," answered the agent; "from three to ten dollars a year; pay ten dollars a year, and you get ten dollars a week in case of sickness."

"Vell," said Mynheer, "I vants ten dollar vot."

The agent inquired the state of his health.

"Vell, I ish sick all the time. I se shust out te bed too tree hours a tay, and te doctor says he can't do noting more good for me."

"If that's the state of your health," returned the agent, "we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health."

At this Mynheer bristled up in great anger.

"You must tink I'se a pig fool; vot you tink I come pay you ten dollar for inshure my helt, ven I'm sick all?"

A THOUGHT FOR YOUNG MEN.—No wreck is so shocking to behold as that of a dissolute young man. In the person of the debauchee or inebriate, infamy is written. How nature hangs labels over him to testify her distrust at the example! How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

FAR O'ER THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

BY MRS. HENRIETTA LEGGETT.

Nay, nay, my mother, chide me not,
Nor bid me check the tear;
Nor tell me in those bitter words,
That I must tarry here;
For since young Leon left his cot,
Beneath the willow tree,
My heart has shared the wanderer's lot,
Far o'er the deep blue sea.

I love my home, my sunny home,
I love the silvery Rhine;
Each vesper bell, with lute-like tone,
Peals forth a hallowed chime;
The fragrant flowers, the wild bird's song,
They have a charm for me;
But ere they greet the spring I'll go
Far o'er the deep blue sea.

Then chide me not, my mother dear,
Nor bid thy child to stay;
Though basking 'neath thy sunny smile,
My heart is far away!
But when I'm in those solemn woods,
How oft I'll think of thee;
Then, mother, bless me ere I go,
Far o'er the deep blue sea.

Speak not of perils I must brave,
Nor dangers on the deep;
I will not shrink though winds and waves
Their ceaseless vigils keep;
For He who guides the wild bird's course,
Will ever watch o'er me;
Then, mother, let me go in peace,
Far o'er the deep blue sea.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ON THE LEE SHORE.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

Quite a number of years ago, when your father was a little shaver, who played marbles, and was spanked for being late at school, the clipper schooner Flirt, of Baltimore, left that port on a trading voyage to the west coast of Africa. Her captain was a jolly old rope hauler, of great weight in the community, and measuring almost a thousand miles from the middle waistband button in front, through to the waistband buckle in the rear. This, I am aware, seems almost incredible, but as you were not born at that time, and consequently can know nothing whatever about the matter, it is not in good taste, to say the least, for you to dispute me.

It was the custom at that time, on board the smaller crafts, for the officers and crew to eat and live together, on a footing of equality, as is the practice to this day, on board down-east coasters; the semi-barbarous people of that benighted region seeming to think that a man, although he happen to be a sailor, is nevertheless a human being, and deserves to be treated as such; their half civilized ideas being very much the same as were entertained by the Irishman, who, upon being asked if in his opinion one man was not just as good as another, replied: "Faith, yes, and better, too."

On board the Flirt the most perfect equality reigned; indeed, a stranger would have been somewhat puzzled to decide whether old fatty Flukes was the captain, or the cook's private secretary, without he had looked on board of us at about meridian, when he would have seen our ponderous commander standing upon the booby hatch, with the pig yoke to his eye, shooting the sun. Mighty free and easy times did we have on board the old schooner, but the work was nevertheless carried on with as much regularity and promptitude, as in one of our monstrous modern packet ships, where every order from an officer is given *under oath*, and nine times out of ten, enforced by a blow with a belaying pin over the head.

Our destination was the Guinea coast, where we expected to trade in palm oil, ivory and so forth, and as in those days particular attention was given to the *so forth*, as by far the most profitable, we had very little below the deck beside water casks and provisions.

The first part of our passage across the puddle, was particularly prosperous, with leading breezes most of the time, until well up with the coast, and near the entrance of the Bight of Benin; when the sun, upon turning out one morning, showed evident signs of having been on a spree all the previous night, being very red in the face, and looking uncommonly cross and snappish; while the sky all about him wore that peculiar brassy appearance which is a sure token of something or other, when observed in the horse latitudes; added to which, a little dyspeptic looking, Norman arch of a rainbow showed itself close to the horizen, beneath the rising sun

"I shouldn't be astonished to death, if we caught a pretty considerable long and strong spell of weather, before soon," said Captain Flukes, after a protracted stare at the heavens, and muttering to himself the ancient couplet,

"Rainbow at night, gives sailors delight,
Rainbow at morning, gives sailors the warning,"

he dove down the companion way to have a look at his chart.

For the next half hour or so, there being no perceptible change in the weather, we allowed the schooner to jog along with the light air then stirring, while the mate and most of the foremast hands stood around the cabin table, watching, and making suggestions to the captain, as compasses in hand, he picked out our course and distance on the chart.

"I tell you how it is, Mr. Midships," he exclaimed, throwing down the compasses, and giving his capacious trowsers a hitch up over his hips, "if this here gale o'wind comes out of the south'ard and west'ard, we're jammed like Jackson, with the Guinea coast on two sides of us. If it comes out of any other quarter, it's all right, and we shall have plenty of sea room; but I'm feared it wont. If you ever took notice to it, you are always sure to get the lee shore, whenever there's a chance for a proper bad one."

"True bill," responded the mate, "but there are exceptions; f'instance, when we were round on the Zanguebar coast last voyage, we got a slant at the last pinch of the game, that took us out as clear as a pike staff. However, it would not be a bad idea to get the old dug-out in trim for a snorter, for there's no knowing how soon we may catch it; things work curious sometimes in the low latitudes, 'specially on the woolly coast."

The mate's proposition coincided with our own ideas of the fitness of things, and all hands going to work with a will, we got both anchors over the bow, the jibs and foresail furled, a close reef in the fore-topsail, and a balance reef in the main; by which time it had fallen a stark calm, although the sea continued to rise steadily, while the schooner, without steerage-way on, headed all round the compass.

The few clouds that were visible at sunrise gradually cleared away, and a lurid, brassy haze covered the sky, obscuring the sun and imparting to the smooth, unbroken swell of the waters a sickly purplish hue, that would have looked very beautiful in a painting, but which excited anything but pleasant sensations in the breasts of anxious mariners, dreading an equatorial blowout. By six bells, the silence of the unbroken calm was interrupted by a low, rushing sound, filling the entire space around us. It was the shrieking of the hurricane careering through the air, high above our heads, while as yet not a breath was stirring on the surface of the ocean. For nearly twenty minutes the mournful sound continued, growing louder and nearer, until at length, a sudden darkening of the air, and a long line of white foam, away in the southwest horizon, announced the coming of the storm from the quarter we had most reason to dread. Our vessel was lying with her head directly towards the point from which the gale was coming, and before any effectual measures could be taken to work her round, we were struck flat aback by the whole fury of the storm. The fore and aft stays tightened and cracked with the tremendous strain, until it seemed almost a miracle that they did not part; the back stays slacked until the lanyards hung in bights over the lower dead eyes; the masts swaying far away aft over the deck, seemed upon the very point of coming down by the run, when the schooner gathering stern way, rushed backwards through the water, the bows rising high in the air, and the quarter settling in the waves in a manner that showed us that we must get her to the wind speedily, or expect to see her go down stern foremost. There can scarcely be a more dangerous position for a vessel, than to get stern way on, in a heavy sea.

"Port your helm—hard a port!" shouted the captain, in a voice of thunder. "Haul in the starboard head braces—brace up the fore, and fore-topsail yards—sharp up, my lads, sharp up—stand by, one of ye there for'ard, to cut the seizing of the fore-topmast headstay!"

This last order, which would have at once relieved the schooner of her masts, was, of course, to be executed only in the last extremity; the other commands were obeyed almost as soon as given. The spars were light, the vessel well manned, and the head yards swung round in a twinkling; the staysail sheet was hauled to port, the main sheet drawn flat aft on the starboard side, and the schooner, after a momentary indecision, fell slowly off on the wind, the fore-topsail shivering and slatting fearfully for an instant, then catching the gale abaft, filled away, bellying out with a bang, and gathering headway, the schooner's stern rose from its perilous depression in the water, and we flew onward through the boiling foam, with all the safety, if not all the speed, of a full rigged, clipper built porpoise.

"Good enough," exclaimed the captain, rubbing his great fat hands with satisfaction, "we've saved our sticks this time, anyhow. Mr. Midships, keep her a good full and by, so's to make as little lee way as possible, while I go below and take another peep at the Coast Pilot."

The gale continued to increase in violence, and the height of the sea was absolutely appalling; but the schooner being only in ballast trim, rose easily and lightly on the very summit of the waves, without labor, or taking a spoonful of water on her deck, and but that the Bight of Benin terminated in dangerous rocks both on the north and east, we might have lashed the helm a lee, and all hands gone below to sleep in perfect safety. We were a good hundred and fifty miles from the coast, however, and trusted to a change in the direction of the wind, before we could drift that distance, although we were making between six and seven points lee way, and the set of the sea was driving us with tremendous force towards the northeast. Flattering ourselves with the belief that noon would bring a shift of wind, we busied ourselves through the morning watch, lashing the water casks and provisions below, that had broken adrift and shifted over to leeward in the heavy lurches that the vessel was making. But eight bells passed, without bringing any signs of the wished for change. The same ghastly sky lowered above us, while the gale continued on the increase, singing through our rigging with a shrill, ominous sound; and far as the eye could reach over the raging waters, the angry, leaden waves leaped fiercely up, and with eager, hurrying motion, rushed towards us, breaking with a prolonged roar beneath our counter, and throwing the stinging spoon-drift in our faces, as if in defiance and threatening. As the afternoon wore on, we began to experience not a little anxiety as to the termination of our cruise. That it would be impossible for the craft to drift through the night, as she had all day, without fetching up against something harder than salt water, was evident to all. Indeed, it would not only have been running into the very jaws of death, but absolutely jumping down his throat.

"What d'ye think, Mr. Midships, will the old boat bear any more cloth?" asked the captain, looking anxiously to windward, and at our swaying spars.

"She's got to bear it, whether she will or no," responded the mate, resolutely. "We must claw out of this hole somehow, and we might as well lose our spars before we go on to the rocks, as after."

"That's gospel," returned the captain. "Shake a reef out of the main, and drop the foresail."

This was a work requiring careful management, for aside from the danger of the masts being at once carried over the side by the increased strain, the schooner was very light, and might at any moment be shoved keel out. Slowly, and one by one, the reef points were cast off from the main, the earings slacked off gradually, to avoid a sudden strain, and the sail hoisted. The schooner feeling the increase of sail aft, without a corresponding trim forward, very narrowly escaped broaching to; but by carrying a large weather helm, we managed to keep her away until the fore tack was boarded, and the sheet hauled aft, when bringing her again to the wind, she laid over to the work, and began drawing to windward quite respectably, considering her scant canvass, our wake being now well on the quarter, whereas before it had been very little abaft the beam. But notwithstanding the increased spread of canvass, we were still making large lee way; our reefed fore course and mainsail, being all that we could with any degree of safety show to the breeze, were almost wholly becalmed under the lee of the monstrous waves, as we settled in the trough, and almost driven from the bolt ropes, upon catching the gale as we rose upon the crest of the billows.

Thus far, we had been running with our larboard tacks aboard, heading, when jammed on the wind, about north-by-west, making our true course, with allowance for lee way and what she fell off, nearly nor'west-by north; a course which was rapidly drawing us in towards the coast of Dahomey.

"What's your opinion now, Mr. Midships?" asked Captain Flukes, as the sun, looking red and angry, disappeared below the misty horizon.

"Why," responded the mate, with a doubtful shake of the head, "there is but one thing we can do, and that is to go about on the other tack and stand more to the south'ard; if we can only weather Cape Formosa, we could make a long stretch to the east'ard, into the bight of Biafra, and perhaps get under the lee of Fernando Po, between the islands and the old Calabar coast."

"Yes, that's all plain talk enough," replied Captain Flukes, pettishly, "but how the deuce are we going to do it? The schooner hasn't got sail enough on to go in stays, and if we undertake to wear, we shall we pooped by one of those big combers, as sure as taxes, and then, sir, your wife will be a widder in the twinkling of a catharpin's leg."

"Pooh!" ejaculated the mate, somewhat contemptuously; "don't give yourself any uneasiness about Mrs. Midships; she is a lady who can stand being made a widow of, quite a number of times without any very serious consequences. And suppose we do take a sea that knocks us down among the ribs and trucks of Davy's locker a little sooner than we expected, why, that's what the owners pay us for, aint it? If the schooner hasn't got sail enough on, just put it on, that's all. For my part, I say tack and bear up to the south'ard at any risk, if you don t I shall desert the craft, and paddle ashore on the sheet anchor."

Captain Flukes was as brave a man as you will often find, but he was very cautious, almost too much so at times, while Mr. Midships, on the contrary, was a man of prompt action; when he had once made up his mind as to what was proper to be done, he did it without hesitation. And upon this occasion, the captain, either stung by the tone of his remarks, or catching his spirit, fortified himself with a big hunk of tobacco, and hailed the forecastle.

"How is that fore-topsail, boys?"

"Furled with a close reef, sir," shouted one of the men.

"Well, lay aloft and loose it."

The sail was dropped to leeward and the clew hauled chock home to the sheave hole, without any other effect than to cause the schooner to lay over still further to starboard, but no sooner was the gasket cast off from the weather yard-arm, than with a shivering crash the sail was torn from the bolt ropes, and disappeared in the darkness to leeward.

"What d'ye think now, Mr. Midships?" asked the captain, somewhat triumphantly.

"I think we've lost a good fore-topsail, and will have to heave in stays as we are," coolly responded the mate.

"We can but try," said the captain, doubtfully, then raising his voice: "Ready about, there, for'ard!"

"Ready about, sir!" responded the men, springing to their stations and laying down the rigging clear for running.

"Keep her off a couple of points and give her a good headway!" he continued, to the man at the wheel.

"Keep her off it is, sir!" replied the man, easing her half a dozen spokes, and the schooner taking the wind further aft, darted through the water with considerably accelerated velocity.

"Are you all ready there for'ard, Mr. Midships?" he screamed, using his fist for a trumpet.

"All ready, sir!" screamed back the mate, from his station on the forecastle.

"Put your helm down, my son!"

"Hard down, sir!" replied the helmsman, with a rapid revolution of the wheel.

"Hard a lee—ee—!" roared the captain, dwelling long and loudly on the double vowel, as is the invariable practice with all ship masters with whom I have ever been acquainted; from which a landsman might be led to suppose that a ship would utterly refuse to come about, if the word was pronounced in any other way.

"*Hard* a lee!" responded Mr. Midships, emphasizing the first word, after the manner of all mates.

The schooner being under good headway, came promptly to, taking the head sails aback, with the wind dead ahead, and everything seemed to indicate that she would go in stays finely; but just at the critical moment, when the order was being given to rise tacks and sheets, the crest of a broken wave came roaring and tumbling down upon us, striking on the bluff of the bow, flooding the forecastle, carrying away the fore-staysail, and effectually deadening our headway. With a shake, the schooner paused in her course, neither falling off, nor coming to, and gradually gathering stern way, slid backwards through the foam.

"In irons, by Jupiter!" exclaimed the mate, in a tone of perplexity and alarm.

"Missed stays, or I'm a heathen!" ejaculated the captain, excitedly. "Round in on the head braces—slack off the main sheet—put your helm amidships!"

There was no chance to obey these orders, however. A monstrous wave rose black and threatening upon our larboard bow; higher and higher it rose, gathering strength as it swelled upward, completely becalming the schooner under its lee, until to our excited imaginations it almost seemed to reach the clouds, and we really longed to have it break and do its worst. At length it came. Toppling over from its perpendicular height, it fell with a dull, heavy roar, upon the deck, crashing through the bulwarks and burying everything deep in the weltering vortex. Every timber in the vessel's hull moaned and quivered, as though with fear, while the escaping air through the openings in the deck, was like a prolonged and mournful sigh. For many seconds it was a matter of uncertainty whether the vessel was going down or not, and the temptation was strong for the men to quit their hold upon what seemed a sinking ship, and struggle to gain the surface. At last, with a shake and a groan, the schooner freed herself from the mass of water, and darted off before the wind. We had been turned completely round, by the force of the wave.

The mate had saved himself by clinging to one of the windlass bits, and, as half stunned and gasping for breath he struggled to his feet, all eyes were turned to him, as the most reliable man in such an extremity.

"What say, Captain Flukes, shall we wear round on the starboard tack?" he vociferated, brushing the salt spray from his eyes.

There was no answer.

"Where's Captain Flukes?" he exclaimed, earnestly.

"He's for'ard, sir," replied the helmsman, who had maintained his position, by being lashed to the wheel stanchion, and was the only man aft.

"No he aint! Jump down in the cabin, one of ye, and see if he's there."

"There's nobody there, and the cabin is more'n half full of water," was the reply.

"He's overboard! He's gone!" was the exclamation that broke from all at this announcement.

"Who saw him last?" inquired the mate, gloomily.

"I saw him standing abaft the mainmast on the hen coop, when the sea boarded us. I caught a glimpse of the coop going over the starboard rail, a minute after, and supposed the captain had gone for'ard," replied the helmsman.

"There are just two things we can do, boys," said the mate, after a short pause. "The captain probably fastened himself to one of the coops, as they went over together; we can either make an effort to pick him up—in which case we shall probably go on to the rocks, or we can claw to windward, and do the best we can for ourselves, though there's a slim chance any way. What d'ye say?"

There was a moment of indecision among the men. At length the carpenter broke the silence.

"It seems rather too bad to leave poor old fatty Flukes, without even having so much as a try for him."

A general murmur of approbation followed this remark.

"Talk enough, boys; if that's your wish, we'll see what we can do," said the mate, evidently much satisfied with our decision. "Stand to the braces, and let us get her on the wind again."

Since being boarded by the sea, the schooner had been going off like a shot, directly before the wind, and it was no easy matter to get her to it again, without shipping another, which might be even more disastrous; but by the more skilful management or better luck of the mate, we finally worked round to the starboard tack, and ran back as nearly as we could judge, towards the spot where the captain had disappeared. By this time it had grown intensely dark, making it difficult to distinguish any object at more than the schooner's length from us, while the wind and sea continued to increase in height and violence. Two or three successful tacks brought us near to where we supposed the captain must have drifted, in the event of his still being above water, which was far from probable, in such a sea. All hands were now upon the lookout, at both mastheads, on the forecastle, and on the quarter, while the mate—who took all the blame of the captain's loss upon himself, as though the storm had nothing to do with it—paced the deck with agitated steps, glancing anxiously in all directions, and constantly repeating his injunctions to the men to keep a bright lookout. That there was soon to be a change in the weather now became apparent. The wind which had all day been a steady gale, now came in violent squalls accompanied with rain, with short lulls between.

"I think we must be very nearly on the spot now, Chips, don't you?" he asked of the carpenter who stood by his side, leaning over the lee rail. But what's that!" he exclaimed, with great earnestness, gazing wildly to leeward. "Main top there—fo'kettle, do you see anything?"

"Nothing, sir," was the reply from both lookouts. But the mate in great excitement continued to strain his eyes through the darkness. At this moment occurred a short lull in the breaking hurricane, and a low, faint sound, very low and indistinct, but inexpressibly mournful, came in a tremulous murmur to our ears.

"Do you hear anything?" he asked, in an agitated voice.

"Nothing, sir, but the sound of the wind and the waves," replied the man from the top.

Again the long continued, fluttering, mournful sound.

"Do you hear that? Fo'kettle—main-top, don't you hear something? Good God, are you all deaf?"

"I thought I heard a distant hail come up against the wind," replied the lookout on the forecastle.

"That's no human hail," said the carpenter, with an ominous shake of the head, "that is the sound of broken water moaning on the reefs."

"I fear you are right," returned the mate. "He could not have drifted so far to leeward, as where that sound comes from, and if it is a reef, it's all up with us, without a change of wind."

"Something on the weather bow!" sung out the man on the forecastle.

"Breakers broad on the lee beam!" hailed the tops, almost in the same breath.

The cry of breakers, usually so startling to the ears of weary mariners on a lee shore, was almost wholly unheeded, and all hands rushed to windward to see what the object might be that had been discovered on the weather bow. Igniting a blue light by a smart rap on the weather rail, the mate held it high above his head, throwing a lurid glare far over the toppling crests of the black and surging waves. At the distance of about a hundred fathoms, some dark object was drifting slowly past us, and as the light increased its brilliancy, we distinctly made it out to be one of our hencoops, to which a human form was clinging, apparently in an exhausted condition. It was too far to windward to reach it on that tack, however.

"Ready about!" shouted the mate.

The men sprang to the braces, the wind favored us, and never was the schooner hove in stays in shorter time. Upon this tack we weathered the coop; but it would not answer to run too close, for to have been dashed by the waves against the schooner's side, would have been certain destruction. All hands were stationed at short intervals, along the lee rail, with lines in their hands, while the blue lights succeeded each other as soon as one was consumed.

A few moments brought the floating object on our lee bow. A line was thrown from the forecastle and fell short, another and another with like ill success; at length, one thrown from the quarter passed over the coop; the captain made a feeble effort, but was too much exhausted to pass it round his body. He was drifting rapidly astern.

"Stand by to haul in on this line!" shouted the mate, passing the end of a studding-sail tack round his waist, and springing from the taffrail. A moment of intense suspense followed, as he struck and disappeared beneath the water. Presently rising to the surface, a few vigorous strokes brought him alongside the coop, and the bight of a rope was made fast around the almost inanimate body.

"Haul in!" he screamed. And the next minute they were hoisted over the rail.

The captain was borne to the cabin and placed in his berth. The motion revived him.

"Never mind me, boys," he said, seeing us grouped about him. "I'm all right enough, only a little water-logged or so. You'd best look out for the schooner."

And it was certainly time that we did so, for upon going on deck the sight that presented itself was absolutely appalling. We had drifted to within half a mile of the reef, over which the waves were breaking with tremendous fury, throwing the spray high into the air, forming a long, unbroken wall of ghastly white foam, at least sixty feet in height, with a roar like nothing else in nature.

The hurricane had entirely passed away; the clouds cleared from the heavens, leaving a bright starlight, and it fell a flat calm; but the monstrous waves which still felt the force of the gale, and would not so readily subside, were driving us swiftly in toward the rocks.

"Are the anchors all clear there for'ard?" the mate hailed from the quarter deck.

"All clear, sir," answered the carpenter, who had charge of the forecastle.

"Let go to starboard!"

The shank painter and ring-stopper were cast off, and the heavy mass of iron fell with a plunge into the water, drawing the chain cable like lightning round the barrel of the windlass and through the hawse pipe, a stream of sparks following, until the last link surged round the windlass and the strain was brought upon the clinch.

"Does she hold?" asked the mate, as she pitched, bows under, with the sudden check.

The carpenter placed his hand upon the bits, but the dull, tremulous jump, jump, jump of the cable showed that we were yet moving.

"No, sir—she drags," was the reply.

"Let go to port!" returned the mate.

Another plunge, and another long continued rumble of the cable followed the order; but the chain passed out less rapidly, until when about two-thirds the length had passed over the windlass, it stopped, and was only taken by jerks in short lengths as the vessel rose on the swell; even this stopped presently, leaving a whole range of cable lying slack abaft the windlass.

There was now no longer any danger, although the schooner buried herself clear to the mainmast at every wave; but the ground tackle held, the sea was falling, and the sky was serene. There was no necessity of a watch that night, and worn out and exhausted we sought our hammocks, which we lost no time in stowing full of extra quality snoozing.

GREECE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

The beautiful land of Greece, with all its glorious reminiscences, is now but the personification of fallen greatness. The Greece of ancient time, rich in its treasures of science, literature and art, famed for its agricultural and commercial wealth, is now no more, and in its stead, there is left a poor, oppressed, impoverished, and enfeebled country. Her government is one of the most inefficient and corrupt, with which a nation was ever cursed; and the people, robbed by the soldiery, and harassed by their rulers, cultivate the lands, only to satisfy the systematic exactions of their tyrants. In some parts of the kingdom, tired of laboring in the fields, for benefits which others will enjoy, many of the peasantry have formed themselves into bands of robbers, and infesting the public roads, live by the plunder of travellers; and if by chance there falls into their hands any hated official, he is sure to be visited with the full measure of their vengeance, in the form of tortures and a horrible death—unless, indeed, the chances of a heavy ransom are sufficient to induce them to forego the sweet delights of revenge. In all probability, the expulsion of the weak king Otho from his throne would be the greatest blessing that could be conferred on Greece.—*Freeman's Journal.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WELLS OF THOUGHT.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

The wells of thought are deep.
Few know from whence the flood
That swelling, surging falls
Hot drops of crimson blood;
With a resistless sweep,
That weaker sense appals.

Deep under-currents flow
Circuitous and still,
In silence, stealthily,
That numerous meadows fill,
O'er many an island slow
Doth glide most warily.

Upon the surface oft
A bubble may be seen
To sparkle and to die;
Like some oasis green—
With verdure tender, soft,
Beneath a brazen sky.

But as some seeds are borne
Upon the trackless gale,
To spots of richest mold;
Thought's rarest gems may fail—
Others defying scorn,
Will live—of wealth untold.

And rarest beauty shed
Through many a longing heart,
Inspiring thoughts beside,
Cause tears and smiles to start,
Down rosy pathways led,
Or dreamily to glide.

Where the pure spring o'erflows,
Immortal in its course,
Beyond the sea of time.
Immortal as its source,
It ever onward flows,
Through every land and clime.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

Day was just breaking, and the sun was tipping with gold, crimson and purple the spires of the different churches in Rheims and the heavy clouds which were rolling away towards the north, when a door of one of the handsome houses opened, and a young man slowly descended the steps and as slowly mounted a handsome bay horse which, held by a groom, was champing his bit and pawing the ground with impatience. After speaking a few words to the groom who held the horse, the young man gave his impatient steed the rein and dashed up the street, closely followed by his valet, who was mounted on a large gray horse. The hoofs of the steeds clanged merrily on the pavements, as they cantered up the silent and almost deserted street, startling here and there an early pigeon. While the young man and his attendant ride on, we will pause awhile to look back a few years and become more acquainted with him.

Jules Demares, for that is the young man's name, is the only son of a rich merchant of Rheims. When Jules was fifteen, his father went to Paris, taking him with him to see an old friend, Monsieur Montalegre, who had only one child—a daughter two years younger than Jules. The two fathers, whilst sipping their wine together, concluded an engagement between the two children, the marriage to be consummated when Jules had attained his twenty-first and Blanche her nineteenth year.

The day was near at hand, and Monsieur Demares, now rendered almost helpless by the gout, had ordered his son to go to Paris and see Mademoiselle Blanche Montalegre, and make the necessary arrangements for their marriage. In strict and prompt obedience to his father's wishes, Jules set forth upon his mission. It was not with a very light heart that Jules proceeded on his way, for he was very brave, much admired by the ladies, and withal a passionate admirer of female beauty, and his only recollection of Blanche was far from pleasing. He had seen her but once while visiting in Paris with his father, and she seemed then thin, rather tall and awkward, a pale face rendered paler by a pair of large, dark, hazel eyes, over which the lids habitually drooped, which, together with the straight though well formed mouth, gave to the face an expression of sadness mixed with indolence and sullenness.

Scarcely, however, giving a thought to the object of his journey, Jules jogged on, allowing his horse to choose his own pace, enjoying the beautiful scenery, stopping occasionally to lounge idly beside a brook, so that the sun was almost set before he reached the town where he had decided to pass the night. He dismounted at the door of the inn, and throwing the reins to his servant, he entered the parlor where, to his utter astonishment, he was greeted with a roar of laughter from a man, a stranger, who stood at the front window.

"Well, well, my fine fellow, that horse of yours, which you ride with such a grand air, would look better if he was killed and stuffed with straw!"

The young man's eyes flashed, but he proceeded quietly to the other side of the room, paying no attention whatever to the insolent remark of the man, and flung himself upon a rough, wooden sofa.

"What immeasurable dignity for a boy!" said the man, now turning his jokes upon Jules himself.

Curbing still further his fiery temper, Jules continued gazing idly out of the window, striving to keep his temper down by thinking that the man was surely demented; but when the man approached him and bending his face so as nearly to touch that of Jules's, said with a jeer and laugh:

"Now don't take it as an insult, my dear fellow, but really if you were to spread some cream on your face and let a large-sized cat lick it, you would find you had no need to call for a barber!"

His control gave way, and it was with no light hand that he brought his light riding-whip across the insolent, coarse man's face, saying:

"Let any weapons, at any time, wipe away that mark, if you choose!" and he coolly sank into his seat, while his tormentor, Chevalier Polisart, raged round the room swearing and stamping his feet.

After awhile, he cooled down enough to appoint the yard behind the inn as the place, and swords the weapons, and the meeting to take place immediately. Jules Demares had seized his own sword and was about to follow Polisart out of the room, when a servant entered with his supper, and Polisart kindly consented to put off the affair of honor until he had supped. Jules Demares carelessly lounged in his chair, refusing the repeated invitation to sup given him by Monsieur Polisart, who recommended him to take all the comfort he could before he died, and proceeded to devour all set before him—chickens, muffins, cake, wine and many other condiments. He was just finishing the last muffin and chicken's wing, when the door opened and a young girl entered softly, and modestly approaching Jules, asked what were his wishes. Jules was on the point of replying, when Polisart rising from his chair, swaggered up to the blushing girl and thus addressed her:

"Ha, my pretty girl! have you come to gain that young fool's heart when you know you have mine—eh?"

The girl blushed painfully and stepped back with an air of disgust; but the bully was not to be put off so easily, and nearing her, he laid his hand upon her soft, white arm, and attempted to pinch, playfully, her chin, when he again felt the smart cut of the riding-whip and Jules drew the young girl from the rude hand, saying:

"This girl is under my protection, and unless you are a coward, as your behaviour seems to prove, you will not be slow in resenting the insult of my lash!"

Obeying a sign from the young man, the frightened girl left the room, and Jules followed the now almost insane man from the room. Swearing and kicking at everything that came in his way, Polisart proceeded to a place in the large garden, almost wholly hid from observation by a luxuriant grape vine. Here he delayed much—wiping his sword, bending it, buttoning and unbuttoning his coat, until Jules lost all his patience and coolly told him he thought him a coward and bully. Apparently he had by this time screwed up sufficient courage to take the first position, for he rolled his eyes, and declaring he would show the youngster what he was, he placed himself in a fencing attitude and began to count in a loud voice. He was to make a thrust at seven, and had in counting just reached five, when a servant poked his head through the bushes with:

"Monsieur Polisart, there is a lady in the parlor who wishes to see you."

"Let her wait till I have run this fool through the body!" returned Polisart, with an additional stamping of his foot and flourish of his sword.

"But the lady said her errand was life and death, and my orders were to bring you to her, dead or alive," replied the man in an earnest tone, while a side glance and merry twinkle in the eyes showed him to be enjoying some merry joke.

"Young man, you see I must go. I shall return in an instant. Do you wait me here, and I will be back to settle my little account with you!" And sheathing his sword with an air of great vexation and disappointment, Polisart started off.

Young Demares leaned quietly against the trunk of a tree, and began to trace figures in the gravel. The footsteps of his adversary had scarcely reached the inn door, when the servant approached Jules and said, with a respectful bow:

"Monsieur need give himself no trouble, for Monsieur Polisart will be careful not to find himself near his cool opponent!"

Jules laughed heartily, and desiring the man to show him to a private room, he followed him into the house. While Jules is discussing with much relish part of a cold roasted chicken, we will return to Monsieur Polisart. Although he set off towards the house with such speed, he entered it very slowly, and stopped and had a long talk with Alexis, Jules's servant; then he proceeded at a snail-like pace to the parlor, and with a reluctant hand turned the knob and entered the room. Upon his entrance a very handsome, black-eyed woman, who was impatiently tapping on the window-panes, turned and ran towards him.

"Polisart, I have been searching for you a long time. Where have you been?"

"I've been," replied he, looking up at the ceiling, down at his boots, and in fact everywhere but at the lady, "I've been—here—at this inn."

"Very well, monsieur, you wont remain here long, if you have. Polisart," she repeated, laying her hand on his arm, "you have been trying to elude me. You will do so no longer, for I shall not leave you again until you are irrevocably my—husband."

Horror-struck he started back, and stammered out:

"But I have changed my mind altogether. I—"

"But I have not, monsieur, and shall hold you to your promise." And Mademoiselle Melami laughed maliciously as she said this, and carelessly threw herself into a chair and motioned Polisart to take a seat by her side.

Mademoiselle Melami was an actress, lively and handsome, and being heartily sick of stage life, had determined to marry some rich man and retire to private life. Polisart came across her path, and though vulgar, rude and old, he was far more wealthy than any of her younger and more prepossessing suitors, and perhaps more easily deceived, and after flirting with him, Melami had succeeded in obtaining from him considerable money and a written promise of marriage. This promise he had no sooner given, than he repented of having done so; and feeling sure that the lively actress would hold him faithfully to it, he fled and ensconced himself in the retired inn, thinking he stood in no fear of being discovered there by her, and besides, he found that the inn contained a pretty black-eyed maid, to whom he instantly made love—and it was thus matters stood when Melami made her unwelcome appearance.

Polisart fidgeted in his chair, hummed, bit his lips, but his companion's equanimity was not so easily disturbed. Melami sat quietly, leaning back on her chair, tapping the table near her lightly with her restless little fingers, and seeming to wait for Polisart to say something. At last Polisart, with a desperate effort, broke the silence with these words:

"I have considered it, and think I have hit upon a plan that will suit exactly. I know, and you may too, if you choose, a young man, Jules Demares, whom I was just going to kill, who is on his way to Paris to find a young lady to whom he has been betrothed for six years, and has never seen her during that time. He is wealthy, an only son and very handsome, and by a little management you might pass yourself off for the lady in question, Blanche Montalegre by name, and secure at once a rich husband with the addition of beauty and youth. What say you, my dear?" asked Polisart, with an uneasy look.

"Blanche Montalegre!" exclaimed Melami; "why, she is the young lady whose father has lately died, and she has disappeared, and I have lately purchased her house and came in search of you to live with me in it. Strange! However, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush! How can I be so sure that I shall catch my rich young gentleman?"

"Admirable! This I will promise you, that if you strive to pass yourself off for the lady-love, and do all in your power to gain the young man, and in two months you do not succeed, I will fulfil my promise and marry you myself. Are you satisfied? You have now two birds in the bush, and if you do not succeed in catching one, you will the other. Are we agreed?"

"Perfectly. Now I wish you to give me all necessary instructions. But first"—and a doubtful smile played over Melami's face—"I wish to know where you got this information?"

"On my honor, my information I gained from the young man's rattle-pated servant. But what matters it to you? If you do not succeed with the young bird, you have the old one fast!"

Melami laughed a light, heartless laugh, and begged him to proceed in his lesson. He whispered for a long time, while Melami smiled and nodded in the pauses. Sometimes she fumed and shook her head angrily, but the conference ended, and Melami rose and said she must depart instantly, and Polisart with officious eagerness conducted her to a carriage which was waiting for her. They smiled and parted with great good humor.

Jules had finished his supper and pushed himself back from the table, and was enjoying the luxury of smoking, when the door was suddenly opened and Polisart unceremoniously entered the room.

"I am ready!" exclaimed Jules, springing up, throwing away his cigar and drawing his sword.

"Parbleu!" exclaimed Polisart; "put up your sword, young man, and hear me. If I hadn't been called away, I should have made a terrible mistake, for I should have killed the betrothed husband of my best friend, little Blanche Montalegre!"

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Jules.

"You hear the truth, young man. Just as I was going to seek you, I met your servant, who in an agony of grief at the idea of your being killed, threw up his hands and almost in frenzy exclaimed: 'What will his faithful affianced, Blanche Montalegre, do, when she hears he is dead?' The exclamation and name caught my quick ear; I asked him what he meant, and he told me the cause of your journey. I almost foamed with rage to think what I might have done. In one moment more, you would have been dead. When old Montalegre died, I was by his bedside, and he said to me: 'Polisart, I give into your charge the greatest treasure I had on earth; guard it carefully till young Jules Demares comes, or you hear that he is dead. When he comes to claim your treasure, give it up cheerfully.' Those were the last words the good old man ever spoke." And Polisart drew out his handkerchief and wiped his old, hypocritical eyes, while he heaved a deep sigh. "I cannot help thinking," he resumed, "that it was the hand of Providence that was stretched out to save me from rendering my dear child miserable, and gaining for myself an uneasy conscience the rest of my days. Accept my hand, and to-morrow, or any day that suits your convenience, I will conduct you to my sweet charge."

Jules stiffly took the proffered hand, and declared decidedly that he couldn't possibly leave for three days.

"Very well, very well, my young friend, I will not hurry you; and now I will leave you to your thoughts, which must be pleasant, as in a few days all your hopes will be fulfilled, and you will meet your beautiful bride." And with a laugh and flourishing bow, Polisart withdrew.

"What can I hope," exclaimed Jules, as he paced restlessly up and down the room after his hated companion had fairly gone, "what can I hope to find Mademoiselle Blanche, if that old scamp has had the guidance of her for even one day? and Montalegre has been dead some months; and besides, if he was a friend of Montalegre, Blanche has probably seen more or less of him all her life. Bah! were it not dishonorable, I would go home instanter. What care I? I have seen the girl but once when we both were children, and since then I certainly have not built any castles in the air in which Blanche had any interest, and I am also perfectly heart whole, and it is not likely that a charge of Monsieur Polisart's will touch it—so why should I be disappointed?"

Polisart and Jules presented themselves, one fine morning, at the door of a handsome house in one of the most fashionable streets of Paris, were admitted, and shown into a spacious drawing-room by a smart servant. The room was elegantly fitted up, and bore marks of great taste and refinement. Jules was fast losing himself in meditation, when he heard a light footfall, and upon looking up, he saw a graceful, pretty woman, dressed in some light floating material, gliding across the room. The face was very fair—black eyes, very white teeth, and a mass of black hair falling in ringlets over her shoulders, which were only covered with a light fall of lace, and her beautiful, white arms were wholly bare. The girl bounded lightly up to Polisart and threw her arms round his neck, while she said, in a low, soft voice:

"Dear old Monsieur Polisart, how glad I am to see you back, and safe and sound! You don't know how much I have missed you, and how lonely I felt until that sweet little pet of a waiting maid came. How kind of you to put yourself to so much trouble—and all for me! Cecile is very amiable and pretty, too! Why, I am almost afraid to let her be seen, and feel tempted to keep her in almost close confinement. Indeed, I am afraid I shall get to be jealous of my little maid ser—" Here she suddenly stopped, as if conscious for the first time of the presence of Jules, and blushed deeply, looked confused, and as if she would fain have run out of the room to hide her embarrassment.

"This, my sweet Blanche, is Monsieur Jules Demares. Never heard of him before—eh?" asked Polisart, as he playfully pinched her cheek.

Blanche smiled shyly, and with an air in which were mixed in a charming manner both timidity and cordiality, she extended her hand and welcomed Jules in gentle tones to her house. Jules was charmed with the childlike simplicity and grace, and was almost ready to take her without further acquaintance. They sat and chatted away until dinner was announced, and Blanche led the way to the dining-room. Blanche made herself very agreeable, and soon chatted without reserve with Jules.

After that time, Jules became an almost constant visitor at the house. Sometimes he would come away feeling almost disgusted with some levity of the lady's, and he would then stay away for a long time; then, again, he would be pleased with her gentleness and simplicity, and go away vowing that the next day should decide his fate. It was with this determination that he mounted the steps and entered the house one morning. The servant said his lady had been called out unexpectedly, but had left word to have him come in and make himself at home. Accordingly Jules proceeded to the drawing-room and prepared to settle himself comfortably, when he saw his lady's work-table standing by a window, and looking as if it had been closed in a hurry. Jules walked up to it and with a sudden impulse he opened it, saying: "I must see if my lady is neat." The contents of the table were various and in a great deal of confusion, but laying on the top of all the articles was a gold miniature case, with the back uppermost, on which was engraved: "Blanche Montalegre—aged fifteen, June 11th, 1813."

"Taken four years ago! I wonder if she has changed much since then!" murmured Jules, as he slowly turned the face uppermost.

He started with surprise, for he immediately recognized, not the features of Mademoiselle Blanche, but of the young girl he had defended from Polisart's rude advances.

"How is this?" he exclaimed; "I must get at the bottom of it!" And scarcely knowing why, he rushed out of the room and up stairs to the little boudoir of Blanche, where she sometimes allowed him to come.

He was yet more astonished when he opened the door and espied, sitting in a chair, her hands clasped, and tears coursing each other in quick succession over her pale face, the young girl of the inn. She gave a slight scream and attempted to leave the room, but firmly, though gently, Jules made her retain her seat, while he kindly asked her name.

"My name, monsieur, is Blan—I mean Cecile Montaigne. I was thinking of my mistress when I spoke," she replied, modestly.

"Be not alarmed," said Jules, gently. "I am your friend, and will assist you in your trouble, if you will confide to me the cause. Will you not do so?"

"Monsieur," gravely returned the girl, "you were kind to me once, and I will trust you, for I have no other friend in this world—no friend save God!"

"I assure you, you will not repent doing so."

"I know who you are, for I have often heard my mistress speak of you, and I know that you two will be united shortly. Your wedding-day seals my doom, for the day before the one fixed for your marriage, I am to marry Polisart—my mistress sells me to him. I cannot help myself, for I am poor and dependent, and almost a close prisoner, never being allowed to go out alone."

"Can it be possible? I will aid you, but you will keep up a brave heart. Fear not—I shall never marry your mistress. I will only—but I hear voices in the entry. Conceal me somewhere, and let me out as soon as you can."

So speaking, Jules sprang into a wardrobe just in time for Cecile to close the door as the boudoir door opened and Blanche, followed by Polisart, entered the room. Blanche sharply bade Cecile leave the room, though Polisart begged she might stay; but Blanche coldly repeated her order to go, which was obeyed with trembling alacrity. No sooner had the door closed, than Blanche burst forth with a volley of reproaches and sneers.

"Polisart, you are an infernal old scoundrel!" she almost screamed. "You promised me that if I did all as you directed, the young man would marry me in two months. Four have passed, and he is no nearer that than he was a year ago. Now listen: You sent me Cecile Montaigne as a waiting-maid, but only that you might be able to see her, and I have given you every opportunity of doing so, and—"

"Well, you vixen, haven't you in the mean time been able to flirt and cajole the young man? If you have lost him, it is through your own shrewish disposition and intolerable nonsense!" retorted Polisart.

"Cease, you old prater, and keep your ears open till I tell you something which will spoil your fun as well as mine. Cecile Montaigne is the true Blanche Montalegre!"

"Diable!" exclaimed the old rascal, while his broad face paled.

"Yes, what I tell you is true. I thought she seemed strangely well acquainted with this house and all its windings, and you know how many and crooked are the passages in it;" and Blanche half closed her eyes and drew up the corners of her mouth with a malicious expression. "She can go all over the house in the dark, which she could not do unless she had lived here very long. To-day my suspicions have been confirmed, for I happened in one of the upper rooms to find in an old box filled with rubbish a miniature marked Blanche Montalegre—a perfect likeness of Cecile. I have questioned her respecting her past life; but she says only:

"'I was once such as you, lady, and lived in a large house, perhaps this very one, but my father died and a wicked, heartless man took all the property left me to liquidate a debt my father had contracted and never paid. I was obliged to seek for a livelihood and so became a waiting-maid.'

"That is what she says, and I know the man of whom I purchased the house to be a great rascal. Another thing, the poor child loves Jules, for she says he protected her from insult. I don't care, for I have a written promise of a certain person to marry me if Jules Demares does not." As she said this, she drew her hand lightly across Polisart's face, asking if he was dreaming.

He pushed the woman aside and rushed from the house. Blanche laughed a moment, then turned to the glass and began to arrange her toilet, laughingly exclaiming:

"I must look simple and piquant, for that pleases my dear Jules."

"It pleases him no longer!" exclaimed a voice; and turning, the astonished woman saw Jules standing in the room regarding her scornfully. Recovering her self-possession, she ran towards him with a smile and word of welcome, which he repelled, saying: "I overheard the conversation between you and Polisart, for I was in the wardrobe. I heard all, and it has only confirmed my suspicions. Prepare instantly to leave the house. When you are once out of it, I will refund to you the money you paid for it, and all the expenses you have been obliged to incur to keep up your shameful deception."

Melami—for we will now call her by her right name—buried her face in her hands, then raised her head, rose and rang the bell. In a moment Cecile appeared, but started upon seeing Jules standing there. Melami took the girl's hand and leading her up to Jules, said:

"Here is the true Blanche Montalegre. Take her and love her and cherish her always, for she is worthy of all affection. I began the deception, caring little for the person, merely wishing to obtain a rich husband, but I ended by loving you, Jules Demares. My dream is over and I will go now, but daring to hope that when you have sweet Blanche by your side, you will forgive but not forget the misguided and unfortunate Melami."

With tears in her large eyes, Melami bowed and disappeared.

One week afterwards, Jules and Blanche were united; and Jules had the affair of the seizure of old Montalegre's property investigated; but though it was proved to be a fraud, but very little of the property could be recovered. But that grieved him not, for he had more than sufficient. Polisart disappeared, and it soon became noised about that he had gone to America. Melami followed him, discovered his whereabouts, and at last succeeded in making him fulfil his promise of marrying her. A few years they lived together, leading a cat and dog life, when Polisart died, leaving considerable riches to Melami, who immediately returned to Paris, where she resumed her vocation of actress. She saw Jules and Blanche frequently, and was always treated with great kindness. They lived a very happy life, and Jules never had occasion to repent that he had taken his wife For Better or Worse.

News Glances.

New Material for Paper.—The Cleveland Plaindealer says that one thousand pounds of moss were brought down from Lake Superior lately, for Dr. Derby of Detroit, who has been making experiments upon it in the manufacture of paper. The doctor says that moss makes a beautiful white paper, without any preparation of the raw material for the common paper mills.

Economical.—The inventor of a new cooking apparatus, called at the office of the Scientific American, a few days since, with one of his machines under his arm, which having placed on the floor, he heated it up and baked a loaf of bread and a pan of cakes in about twenty minutes. The fuel used was alcohol, the expense of which on the occasion amounted to two cents.

Swiss Emigration.—The emigration fever, which had subsided in the last two years, in Switzerland as well as in Germany, has this year received a new impulse from the favorable accounts received from the United States. A considerable number of Swiss emigrants, mainly from the western cantons, have started for Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, since spring.

The best pictures in Ballou's Pictorial for September 6, are the likeness of O'Brien and scenes in Hungary. They are very spirited. How it is that Mr. Ballou is enabled to produce such a rapid succession of elegant engravings, we can hardly imagine. The Pictorial is always up to the times.—*Boston Post.*

Composition.—In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every word you have written; you have no idea what vigor it will give your style.

Literary.—There are three hundred and fifty-five publishers in the United States, two thousand booksellers, fifteen thousand printers, and three thousand five hundred bookbinders.

Unprofitable.—The wooden huts sent from England to the Crimea, at a cost of from £100 to £200, have been sold to the Russians at £1 each.

Successful.—The Boston Museum has entered upon its fourteenth dramatic season.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2.00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

PATERNAL ADVICE.

Jack Muggins! you have announced to us your intention of embarking in the next Liverpool steamer, to make what you call the "tower" of Europe, and you ask our advice upon the step, as people usually do after having fully made up their minds. Since you have honored us by requesting the expression of our opinion, we will give it to you for what it is worth: Don't you go. We think we see you opening your eyes, caressing your incipient mustache, and preparing to ask "why not?" We will therefore anticipate your question, and reply: In the first place, you are too young. We know that the blood of Young America rises at that suggestion, but we repeat that you are too young. Scarcely a year has passed since the ashes of the paternal Muggins were deposited in their resting-place at Mount Auburn, and not three since you came to years of discretion (!) and the possession of the handsome fortune left you by your progenitor. Youth and fortune combined under certain circumstances, are glorious prerogatives, but you, Muggins, do not possess those circumstances. You are young, but you are very green; rich, but very careless, and European capitals abound in sharpers that out-Yankee Yankee sharpers. You would come home shorn like a sheep; but more resembling that other quadruped so amply furnished with auditory organs.

And again, Jack: you do not know enough about your own country. A wealthy American, travelling abroad, is beset with interrogatories respecting our history, our institutions, our products, our manufactures, and our arts; for somehow or other, in spite of prejudice and incredulity, the idea has crept abroad that this is "a great country." Now we are constrained to say, Jack,—and we do it in no spirit of unkindness,—that your information on these subjects is extremely limited, and that you would find it difficult to substantiate even the single proposition which embraces the Alpha and Omega of your historical knowledge, viz., that "General Washington fit the Battle of New Orleens." Remember that every travelling American is to a certain extent the representative of his country, and has it in his power to increase or diminish the respect for our flag.

But, if you know little about our own country, you know still less about Europe. Your geographical deficiences are of no account. Travel is the practical study of geography; and you would soon discover that Rome is not situated on the Nova, and that Great Britain is not an island of the Grecian Archipelago. But it is absolutely necessary to know something of the history of the old world before visiting its celebrated places. You can't get up any enthusiasm about sacred localities, if you learn the event and its memorial at the same time. Besides, you know nothing about architecture, painting and sculpture, and it is art more than nature that challenges your admiration abroad.

Moreover, you speak only your own language, and that very incorrectly! Hence you would be compelled in self-defence to associate abroad only with Americans and English, and what sort of a change would that be? And you would have to see with the eyes and think with the minds of couriers, *ciceroni* and *valets de place*.

Our word for it, young man, you are not ripe for travel. Think better of your project, even if its abandonment costs you the forfeiture of your passage money. Get books and master; read and study for five years, and then go abroad and you will travel with pleasure, improvement and credit. Such, Jack Muggins, is our advice, and there are many in your plight who would be benefited by the same counsel.

CAUTION TO SMOKERS.—A few days since, a man in Albany, N. Y., put a roll of bank notes in his vest pocket, in which were also some matches he used to carry for the purpose of lighting his cigars. After a while he smelt something burning, and on examination found the roll of bills totally destroyed. We can readily fancy our smoking gentleman will not forget that lesson in a hurry.

POETRY.—Literary productions in rhyme and metre do not comprise all poetry. The prose of Irving and of Hawthorne embodies the essence of true poetry. And, moreover, "the written poem is only poetry talking, and the statue, the picture, and the musical composition, are poetry acting."

NEW WORK.—Colonel Benton is gathering materials for a new work—an "Abridgment of the Debates in Congress," from the commencement to the present time. It would be well it members were obliged to abridge their own debates, instead of making them as long as possible.

A HANDBOOK OF TRAVEL.—That incorrigible wag, Punch, advertises "A handbook of travel round a lady in full dress, with a large folding map showing the utmost limit of patience and crinoline to which the circumference, as recently enlarged, at present extends."

DEMOCRATIC.—There is a man in Connecticut so opposed to anything bordering on monarchy that he wont wear a crown to his hat. He had a tooth extracted the other day because it was aching (a king).

PRETTY WELL OFF.—The wealth of this country is set down at $10,000,000,000. This gives every individual a fair amount of spending money.

THE MODERN LANGUAGES.

Mr. Richard S. Willis, in a recent number of his excellent journal, the "New York Musical World," illustrates very forcibly the importance of an acquaintance with the modern European languages, and particularly French, to Americans going abroad for instruction or even amusement. Most of our travellers lose nine-tenths of the enjoyment and information they might acquire through this deficiency; and it is well known that many of our ministers and consuls, otherwise well educated men, cut a sorry and ridiculous figure in Europe, and fail of attaining the purposes for which they were sent abroad by our government. He says: "Without rushing into an extreme, and decrying all study of the classics, as men are perhaps prone to do on having their eyes opened, on the contrary insisting on them as the best allies in gaining the modern languages, I would as strongly insist, that from the freshman, or the first academic year onward, a course of French, at least, should industriously be pursued. Better one book of Greek or Latin the less, and one of a modern language the more. French will at least save a man from embarrassment and mortification—with this he saves his credit."

Mr. Willis also alludes to the importance of untravelled Americans acquiring at least the two great modern languages—German and French—with four or five millions of our own countrymen (by adoption) speaking the former. In view of the foreign immigration, he thinks it "not befitting" or even "paying, that this freemasonry of foreign languages should be filling our air—that men with whom we are daily trading and trafficking and *politicizing* should talk aside over the shoulder to their companions, and we know not a word they are saying, or planning, or plotting."

There is much in these hints worth pondering and acting on. Charles V. said: "Every language which a man acquires renders him another man;" so that the man who should be master of the five hundred different languages, of which specimens were recorded by Professor Adelung, would be equal to a little army. The acquisition of a modern language is not the terrific task it used to be when the initial step was the swallowing an octavo grammar and a thick lexicon. Labor-saving processes have been introduced in mental operations as well as manufactures; old routine has been discarded, and it is very possible for a student of energy to acquire in a few months a sufficient knowledge of French or Spanish to enable him to make himself understood and to transact business in their languages. There is no excuse for Americans being behindhand in this matter, for they have a remarkable faculty for the acquisition of foreign tongues.

THE CALLIOPE.

This steam musical instrument, it seems, produced a tremendous impression when it was first started on board a boat on the Hudson. It shrieked out "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia," so that they were heard for miles. Its effects on board of another boat some half a mile off are described as both appalling and amusing. One lady fainted dead away; others screamed and stopped their ears. An Italian singer attempted to throw himself overboard, and was only saved from destruction by the combined efforts of the captain and clerk of the boat. The negro firemen threw themselves into indescribable contortions, while an unhappy dog rushed about among the passengers, with his tail between his legs, setting up the most dismal howls in expectation of some horrible calamity. The sturgeons rushed out of the water, and threw a vast number of summersets on the surface, wagging their tails, as if they alone of all the auditors enjoyed it. But people will get used to it in time. We have no doubt it will be introduced into every steam navy in the world, supplying the place of marine bands at a great saving of expense. But, seriously, an ingenious mechanic of this city has invented a small machine, which, without any human agency, blows several bugle-calls, producing very pure and even pleasing tones. At any rate, the calliope is certainly a great curiosity.

CRUELTY.—Cruelty seems innate in the Spanish character. An incident occurred lately in Barcelona. Three days after the fighting had ceased in the city, two battalions of National Guards, arriving to the assistance of the citizens, were met in the plain by the Queen's cavalry, and every man of them cut to pieces! What can you expect of a people whose ancestors roasted Indians to make them disclose their treasures, and who themselves think a bull fight the highest of sublunary enjoyments?

MARRIAGE.—Dr. Franklin advises a young man in search of a wife to take her "from a bunch," because, in a family where there is a group of damsels, emulation induces them to improve and cultivate themselves, whereas only daughters are apt to be spoiled children.

NATURAL.—A female physician in Philadelphia advertises that she can cure all sorts of diseases, but particularly affections of the heart. This was always a speciality of ladies—and also to cause the heart-ache.

OLD TIMES.—When Bishop Berkeley preached at Newport, in 1729, he wrote home, "The town of Newport contains 6000 souls, and is the most thriving place in all America for bigness."

BENEVOLENCE.—There is an old lady in Greenbush, N. Y., so careful of her property that she wont allow her geese to go into the water without life-preservers attached to each.

FUDGE.—The grant of a right to use a coat of arms in England is obtained by applying at the Herald's College, and paying about $400.

WATER-SPOUT.—A water-spout was lately seen off Cape Cod sixty feet in height.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The valuation of Scotland last year amounted to more than fifty-five millions dollars.

The criminals in the United States cost nineteen millions of dollars annually.

Farmer laborers are in great demand in some parts of the West, receiving high wages.

A company at Nevada, in washing up the tailings of four months realized $10,000.

The of St. Paul's, Minnesota, are expelling gamblers, cut-throats and thieves.

The crops in New England have been materially injured by very heavy rains.

A countryman refused a Charter Oak bank bill, after the oak had fallen.

An uncut gem is of no use—ditto an uncultivated man or woman.

It is impossible to live with one in whose truthfulness we can't confide.

A servant lately delivered this message: "Master's compliments and he's dead, sir."

In England they post the "Times" leaders in the country towns like bulletins.

It is asserted that the singers Grisi and Mario are again coming to this country.

Only six feet of the old Connecticut Charter Oak remains standing.

It is thought Mr. Collins's "Adriatic" will pay us a visit in October.

Some of the British screw propellers have made very fast passages lately.

Adelaide Phillips has been very successful in her recent concerts.

They have been sculpturing "Queen Hortense instructing Louis Napoleon" at Paris.

A "Rosebud Party," consisting entirely of sweet young girls, was lately given at Newport.

John Brougham has managed the Bowery, New York, with wonderful success.

A beau at one of our watering-places had a wagon-load of clothes.

Edward Everett's late address on Astronomy has added to his reputation.

Marshal Pelissier has been created "Duke of Sebastopol," and is the latest Parisian lion.

Our old idol, Tedesco, is fat enough to pass for a Mrs. Falstaff. O, dear!

Mr. Powers has just completed his model of the Webster statue for Boston.

A cunning Frenchman has invented a parasol which serves also for a fan.

Bayard Taylor writes that Thackeray's daughters are charming, unaffected and original.

A gentleman on the Hudson River is training sturgeons to swim in harness!

BRITISH MAIL STEAMSHIP ARABIA.

The sending of this vessel to England, from Halifax, in a very leaky condition, after she had struck on a reef on her passage from Boston, was one of the rashest things in the annals of navigation, and calculated seriously to impair that confidence which the previous prudence and excellent management of the Cunard Company had inspired in the travelling public. Though the vessel reached some weeks since, the occurrence is still, and very properly, the theme of general comment and general condemnation. Mr. Cunard said that the vessel required docking, that there was no dock in Halifax, and that, therefore, the steamship must go to England for repairs. This conclusion was a *non sequitur*. The vessel could have been sent back to Boston; in that case, warned by her condition, the short voyage of two days could have been performed with safety by officers and crew fore-warned and fore-armed. But to dare the dangers of a long voyage across the stormy Atlantic, with a positive knowledge of the extent of her injuries, was a piece of assumption on the part of those who had the control of her destiny, which exceeded anything that proverbial Yankee rashness ever ventured on. If American ship owners had done the same thing, all Europe—and particularly all England—would have rung with denunciations. It was not only the rashest, but the most impolitic thing the hitherto judicious Cunard Company ever did.

SACRILEGIOUS OUTRAGE.—The church of Fiaccone, near Genoa, was lately entered by a party of burglars, who, not content with breaking open the poor-box and appropriating its contents, rifled the tabernacle, took out the pyx, threw the consecrated wafers on the altar, ransacked every corner of the sacristy, and finally made away with what they could find of value, such as chalices, censers, crosiers, sacred vestments, etc. The offenders got clear and have escaped detection.

THE DIFFERENCE.—An agricultural paper lately advertised a bonus for the best mode of *irrigation*, but the printer made the word *irritation*, and an honest yeoman sent his shrewish wife to claim the reward—or if he didn't, the "Life Illustrated" invented the story as a libel on the sex.

THINK OF IT.—A taste for trees, plants and flowers is a peculiar attribute of woman, exhibiting the gentleness and purity of her sex; and every husband should encourage it, for his wife and daughters will prove wiser, and happier, and better for its cultivation.

MONOPOLY.—All the sword blades made for the English army are the work of four men, three of whom are brothers. There is a secret in the mode of manufacture, known only by these four, and which they jealously guard.

AGRICULTURAL.—A spading machine has been invented. The best spading machines we ever saw were made of flesh and blood, and invented thousands of years ago.

HEAVY FORGERIES.—An immense number of forged notes on the Bank of France, amounting to many million francs, are in circulation, causing great alarm.

IS IT TRUE?—A Mrs. Sally Sly says that "when a man marries he goes to the penitentiary for life."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Lost Heir: or, The Young American Soldier." A Tale of 1812. A highly interesting story of events during our last war with Great Britain. By Mrs. CAROLINE ORNE.

"The Night on Lora's Isle," verses by J. M. FLETCHER.

"Beatrice; or, Love and Pride." a tale by LOUISE T. ZIMMERMAN.

"Ambition," lines by WILLIAM LEMOINE, JR.

"Clementina the Actress," a story by WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

"Kilbuck's Last Prayer," a poem by JAMES J. SWEENY.

"The False Rhyme," a sketch by E. S. SMITH.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of Grant Thorburn, the original Laurie Todd of that the Scotch novelist.

Representation of a troop of Mormons crossing the Plains on their way to Salt Lake, Utah.

Picture of a Hungarian Water-Carrier and Hungarian Shepherds.

Views of the Islands of Malta, in the Mediterranean, and Shanghai, a seaport of China.

Representation of a Chinese Lantern.

View of Deer Island Hospital, with sketches of the belongings of the Institution, including the Dining-Room, Female Hospital, Prison Chapel, Dormitory and School, Female Work Room, Nursery, and the Cells in the new wing.

Portrait of Albert W. Ladd, the well-known Boston Piano Maker.

Engraving of a novel piece of furniture, ingeniously constructed as a Gladiatorial Table.

View of the late Daniel Webster's residence at Marshfield, Mass.

Picture of the town of Elmira, New York.

Representation of a Chinese Family, delineated in a very artistic grouping.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at nine cents a copy.

☞ One copy of THE FLAG and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4 00.

Foreign Items.

Prince Albert has bought an enormous tract of land in Australia.

Mr. Swinborne, an actor, was married the other day, at Hull, to Miss Vandenhoff.

The Tuscan government has prohibited the *Guitarist* of Paris within its territory.

Miss Florence Nightingale has arrived at her house in Derbyshire, after her arduous and honorable career of public service in the East.

The public will be glad to learn that the health of Middle Rachel gives some hopes of her re-appearance in public during the ensuing winter.

The marriage of Archduke Charles Louis of Austria with the Princess Marguerite of Saxony will be celebrated in the month of October.

The subscription for the first joint-stock bank in Hamburg has been closed. The sum wanted was 30,000,000 f., and 1,200,000,000 have been subscribed, a round trifle.

The two Chambers of the States General of the Netherlands have voted funds necessary for converting all the paddle steamers of the Dutch navy into screws.

The Council of the Order of St. Maurice and Lazarus of Piedmont has subscribed the sum of 2000f. for the ordnance intended for the fortification of Alessandria.

The Sisters of Charity have purchased a large property at Baktche Pacha, on the Bosphorus, for the purpose of establishing an hospital for the aged of both sexes.

General Mouravieff has resigned the government of the Caucausus and special Caucasian army; and Lieutenant-General Prince Baryatinski, a special favorite of the present Czar, has been appointed to this high and onerous post.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Music is beauty to the ear, as beauty is music to the eye.

A beautiful woman by her smiles draws tears from our purse.

Conceit has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Men naturally love to be cheated, and provid-d the imposition is not too barefaced, will meet you half way with all their hearts.

Who are the most godlike of men? The question might be a puzzling one, unless our language answered it for us—the godliest.

Religion is the whole Bible—sects pick out a part of it. But what whole? The living whole, to be sure—not the dead whole: THE SPIRIT! not the letter.

Labor is the great support of good morals. After a flam and flare were obliged to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, we hear no more of the serpent's tempting them.

Wisdom allows nothing to be good that will not live forever—no man to be happy but he that needs no other happiness than what is within himself—no man to be great or powerful that is not master of himself.

The foundation of all virtue is in home, and the cultivation of the social and moral powers by the fireside; and whatever will increase the number of happy homes, will increase the virtue and happiness of the nation.

Little passions do not profoundly disturb the soul; they are like the breezes which ripple the face of the waters. Great passions, stormy tempests, agitate the sea, even to its depths, oft wreck the vessel and the mariners, sometimes carrying them afar off into newly discovered regions.

Joker's Budget.

We know a man, the tones of whose voice is so silvery that his words pass for shillings.

Why are kisses like the creation? Because they are made out of nothing, and are very good.

An indirect way of getting a glass of water at a watering place is to call for a third cup of tea.

Why is the letter I in Cicero like Denmark? Because it's between two seas (c's).

Women dread a wit as they do a gun; they are always afraid lest it should go off and injure some one.

When a lazy man says "I'll do it at my leisure," you may take it for granted he'll never do it at all.

A baby is a living I O U—a "little Bill," drawn upon manhood, that is only honored when it arrives at maturity.

Even a railway engine is not the toughest material in the world, for it has its "tender" part attached to it.

An illiterate person once sent a note to a waggish friend, requesting the loan of his *cross paper*, and received in return his friend's *marriage certificate!*

It is said that after the murder of Captain Cook, the natives of Hawaii reversed the old proverb, and now have it that "Too many Cooks *don't* spoil the broth."

In New Zealand, when the marriage ceremony takes place, it is a very old custom to knock the heads of the bride and bridegroom together previous to their union.

A gentleman from the rural districts—after vainly endeavoring to solve the mystery of chafing dishes, said: "Look a here, waiter, bring me some oysters, but have 'em biled down stairs. I don't want none of them darned little cook stoves."

Quill and Scissors.

There stands on the old market place of Magdeburg the statue of Emperor Otho the Great, almost 1000 years old, beside which are the statues of his two wives. Remarkable for their great antiquity, and as they have withstood even the destruction of the city in 1631, they are undergoing a thorough renovation.

Spiders have four paps for spinning their threads, each pap having one thousand holes; and the fine web itself is the union of four thousand threads. No spider spins more than four webs, and when the fourth has been destroyed, they go filibustering and seize on the webs of their neighbors.

The per diem allowance to Members of Congress is at an end. The Senate bill, heretofore passed, giving $2500 per year, was changed in the House so as to give $3000 a year, deducting for voluntary absence during the session, and giving no books except those printed by order of Congress.

The effect of the notice voted by Congress to Mr Collins's steamship line, will be to reduce, at the end of six months, the extra compensation of $33,000 the trip for postal service to $19,000, as the contract stood before the company appealed to that body for larger pay.

The Bangor Journal says that a country trader in Aroostook, who left the State four or five years ago, owing among others a Bangor trader fifteen hundred dollars, recently returned from California, where he had met with good luck, and paid the debt with interest.

The tower of St. Peter's German Catholic church in Philadelphia, now constructing, is to be 165 feet to its upper cornice, and is to be surmounted by a cupola and spire 75 feet high, making a total altitude of two hundred and fifty feet.

The Pictou (N. S.) Chronicle receives from all parts of that country most glowing accounts of the crops. In no season during the last ten or twelve years has there been such a wealth of farm produce on the ground as at present.

A singular phenomenon lately took place at Rouen, France, about 11 o'clock at night. An immense cloud of small white moths burst over the town, and completely covered theground in a very few seconds.

Thalberg, the eminent German pianist, report says, will positively visit this country the coming winter. He will be accompanied by the horn virtuoso Vivier, and a cantatrice whose name has not yet transpired.

Mr. John Frost, a chartist, who returned to Newport, England, lately, after fourteen years' banishment, was received by hundreds of people, who dragged him along the streets in a coach dressed with evergreens.

The Montreal Advertiser says the late long-continued rains have inflicted much injury upon the crops in that vicinity, which will be a good deal shortened. Peas, barley, wheat and hay have suffered very much.

A cannon ball, shot from a British ship during the Revolution, while bombarding Amboy, was recovered a few days since in tearing down a building, deeply imbedded in a piece of oak timber.

It is calculated that £12,000,000 have been spent in draining and subsoiling land in Ireland during the last ten years, and an immense increase in productrion has been the result.

Sulphate of zinc can be purchased at any druggist's, in the form of salt, and a pound of it dissolved in two pails of warm water and thrown into an offensive cesspool will soon deodorize it.

Longfellow, the poet, pays a tax of $1000. This is something for a poet; that class are generally thought to be rather innocent of any taxes except of the brain.

It is estimated that the losses by the recent freshet on the Hudson and its tributaries, in the destruction of bridges, mills, etc., and the damage to the crops, will reach $1,000,000.

The proprietor of a temperance nine-pin alley, in Charleston, offers "Harper's Illustrated Bible" as a prize for 300 pins! A new feature in nine-pins.

Congress has passed an appropriation of $88,000 for the Portsmouth (N. H.) custom-house and post-office.

The grape disease is reported again to have appeared in the Canary Islands, to the despair of the people.

Marshal Lannes's widow, just dead, was one of the loveliest women of the first imperial court.

The most modest thing in the world is a clock—it is always "running itself down."

The population of California is generally set at from 350,000 to 400,000 souls.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Walsh, Mr. Henry Jordan to Miss Mary Hancock.

By Rev. Mr. Robinson, Mr. Oliver Isbell, of Keokuk, Iowa, to Miss Lydia A. Hayward.

By Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. John Williams, of New York, to Miss Isadora Fleming.

By H. Sewall Price, Esq., Mr. Osgood W. Knowles to Miss Maria P. Wallis.

By Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Mr. Henry P. Littlefield to Miss Celia A. Lowell.

At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Dennis, Mr. Henry A. Coburn, of Boston, to Miss Emily H. Littlefield, of Milton.

At Newton Upper Falls, by Rev. Mr. Mudge, Mr. John Durgin to Miss Margy Giles.

At East Weymouth, by Rev. Mr. Houghton, Mr. Joshua Kendall to Miss Lydia Bicknell.

At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Lindsay, Mr. James N. Lindsay to Miss Elizabeth A. Downs.

At South Dartmer, by Rev. Mr. Brayton, Mr. Augustus Grover to Miss Jane Goodwin.

At Salem, Mr. William Cornell, 4th, to Miss Louisa Jane Cross, both of Marblehead.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadman, Mr. George F. Brooks, of Boston, to Miss Delania H. Smith.

At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. Norris Yates, of Douglass, to Miss Carrie E. Maynard.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Eldridge, Mr. Charles F. Folger to Miss Mary A. Chase.

At Pittsfield, by Rev. Dr. Porter, Mr. Warren B. Barrows to Miss Ellen E. Strong.

At South East New York, by Rev. Mr. Bailey, Mr. Norman F. Nickerson to Miss Emma Caroline Smith, both of Ridgefield, Conn.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. James W. Nightingale, 39. Miss Martha Tolman, 73. Mrs. Nancy Linton, 60. Mrs. Susan J. Neal, 29. Widow Sarah Ford, 72. Miss Frances Fales, 22. Mrs. Mary C. B. Simonds, 30. Mr. Abbie A. Wildes, 22.

At Chelsea, Mr. John Mire, a native of Scotland, 62.

At Cambridgeport, Mr. William H. Baker, 48.

At Newton Upper Falls, Edward Horatio Noel, 24.

At Medford, Miss Helen M. W. Raymond, 18.

At Quincy, Mr. Joseph Franklin Child, 30. Mrs. Hannah Maria Coombs, 18.

At South Dedham, Mrs. Harriet E. Smallwood, 24.

At Salem, Mrs. Rebecca Knight Dudley, 72. Miss Anna White, 18. Miss Lucy Ann Perley, 30.

At South Danvers, Mrs. Hannah Osborn, 71.

At Manchester, Capt. John Gridley, 76.

At Gloucester, Mr. James Davis, 48.

At Ipswich, Miss Hannah Lord, 69.

At Newburyport, Mr. Gideon Clark, 69. Miss Jane B. Young, 27. Mr. Ephraim Sweet, 67.

At North Andover, Miss Sally Tyler, 69.

At Lowell, Mr. Jesse Moore, 63.

At Haverhill, Widow Ruth C. Davis, formerly of Barnstable, 87.

At Salisbury Mills, Mrs. Mary F. Howell, 49.

At Middleborough, Mrs. Mercy Alden, 81. Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. George Smith, 46.

At Dartmouth, Mrs. James A. Tallman, 36.

At Williamstown, Miss Rima Bishop Jenkins, 17.

At Leominster Insane Asylum, Otis Stearns, 69.

At Leverett, Mr. Erastus Adams, 56.

At Barre, Hon. Nathaniel P. Dennis, 66.

At Sandwich, Mr. John Mclaughlin, 96.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WORDS OF CHEER.

BY W. A. FOGG.

Onward, onward in the pathway
Which the pure and good have trod,
Never weary, never faltering,
Resting on the arm of God;
Wheresoever duty calls thee,
Where the truth demands thy all,
Go thou to the mighty battle,
Firmly, boldly, undismayed.

With the flag of justice o'er thee,
And thine own true heart within,
With the hosts of wrong before thee,
Firmly stand amid the din.
As of old, lo! unseen legions
Help thee in the mighty fray,
And the smiles of God's approval,
Like the sunbeams, round thee play.

In the ranks of error are there
Legions 'gainst the little band,
Who for justice, truth and mercy,
Scoffed, despised, insulted, stand?
Heed it not; but if alone
Be thy banner still unfurled,
God and thou at length shall conquer,
Though arrayed against the world.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE CHILD OF THE SEA.

BY EMERET H. SEDGE.

On the eastern coast of Newfoundland, between Cape St. Francis and the little town St. Johns, was a narrow estuary, which extending inland a short distance, was met by a small and rapid stream, the waters of which it first rebuffed and then swallowed up in its briny wave. The rocky wall on one side retired just enough to leave room for a fisherman's hut, with a gradual slope of ground between it and the ocean. Behind the house there might have been an equal extent of surface reduced to good cultivation, and producing hardy vegetables and a few stunted trees.

It was already past the middle of the last half of a sultry summer's day. The only occupant of the little area was a young girl of about fourteen years, who went from the hut to the beach, from the rocks to the garden, from the forsaken old boat to the little flower border, in a capricious circuit; bounding over the hard soil with captivating grace, clambering in dangerous places with agile daring, then disposing some domestic labor with busy care, or looking with anxious gaze out on the solitary water. Her face was sweet and beautiful; the rough sea winds had no power to sully its rare whiteness, and the chilling mists could not drive the roses from the round cheek and full lips; and her little hand, too, as she raised it to shade for an instant her large dark eyes or to toss back the long truant curls, gleamed like the snowy wing of a bird. Though there was no other human being near her, she did not feel either fear or loneliness, for a great, shaggy and powerful dog, a native of the island, was her constant companion and protector, and almost sympathizing friend. A more than brute intelligence seemed to glow in his eyes as he watched the wistful gaze of his young mistress, who, resting her hand upon his long, curly hair, paused again to carefully survey the ocean prospect before her, and then to observe the thunder-cloud which threw up its gleaming fantastic pillars from behind the cliff.

"They were to have been here early this morning, did you know it, Christy?" said the girl. The dog wagged his tail in the affirmative.

"It is very strange, isn't it?" she continued. "They must come in sight soon. I am afraid they are lost in the fog, and there will certainly be a dreadful storm before midnight, wont there!"

Christy looked with his mistress towards the straggling cloud that was rapidly rising to obscure the sun, and uttered a long, mournful howl.

"O, don't do so. Keep up your spirits, Christy. Perhaps they are in sight already. We'll go out upon the crag and look for them."

The dog, as if he fully comprehended the words, moved on before towards the place indicated, and with grave pace wound his way among the loose rocks and up the rugged ascent. The young girl kept close behind, and with voice and eye and caress showed her loving admiration of his huge, supple, undulating form, and bestowed her unstinted praise upon the dog, which now and then looked round in acknowledgement. They came out upon the crag that hung low over the water and projected farther into the ocean than any neighboring point. The girl bent forward and sent her heedful sight in every direction. All along the coast and about half a mile from it, lay a thick, heavy fog-bank close upon the sea, that sunk down dense and compact, and wrapped its chilling folds about like a winding-sheet.

The girl was tired and disappointed, and with a sigh she sat down, and leaning her hand upon Christy, looked on the waters as they gave their tumultuous greeting of spray and gurgling foam to the repelling shore. But there was no cheer in their rushing voice, and she grew more sad till the quick tears came into her eyes and blinded her. A sudden thought struck her, and she sprang to her feet, exclaiming with a forced smile:

"Father Mahan says I must not hearken to the waves when they talk despondingly, for then they tempt me into a greivous sin against the Holy One; and surely they never were so full of the spirit of evil as they are at this hour, and I am very weak."

Christy gave a sharp bark, not in response, however, but at the fog-bank from which there shot out the same instant a large row boat, containing two individuals, that rapidly drew near the shore, accelerated by the hasty strokes of the oars and the flowing tide. As it appeared, the shadow left the face of the tearful girl, and she clapped her hands exultingly; but her joy was soon turned to hesitation, then to complete disappointment, when she perceived that the boat did not contain those whom she expected, but strangers. Whoever they might be, they were evidently unacquainted with the locality, for not heeding the half-concealed estuary, they made for a deceptive but impossible landing-place in another direction. The girl, aware of the danger to which they were exposed in their passage among the rocks, seized the hat from her head and swinging aloft, shouted at the top of her voice. Christy, not behindhand in benevolent intent, barked in his own sturdy fashion. Their united demonstration gained the attention of the sailors, who immediately bent their course towards the crag, but not before the girl, venturing too near the edge of the rock in her earnestness, slipped and fell into the waters beneath. In the twinkling of an eye Christy also disappeared in the deep surf, and presently rose with his precious burden. It was not easy to gain the beach before the but, but the dog swam vigorously and cautiously among the rocks, and at length reached the calm water and bore his charge to the dry shore, none the worse for her sudden plunge save by a thorough wetting and the loss of her hat. Christy seemed to notice that it was missing, and after looking intently out on the ocean for a moment, and discovering it as is mounted a distant wave, started after it with a loud bark. The hat went off farther, and the dog grew tired and weak, and had it not been for the timely notice of the sailors and the arrival of the boat to his assistance, must have sunk, a victim to his devotion. The girl, pale with anxiety on his behalf, beheld with joy as he was taken into the boat, and when soon after he sprang out upon the little beach and laid the dripping prize triumphantly at her feet, forgetful of her own situation and the strangers who followed him, she loaded her favorite with caresses, while they observed her with admiration.

She did not look up until she heard the voice of Father Mahan, who, advancing from behind the hut, and seeing the unwonted group on the beach and the agitation of his wet friends, drew near, alarm and surprise depicted in his face.

"How is this, my daughter? To what danger have you been exposed?"

The girl sprang up, and taking his hand, said:

"Nay, it is nothing. I only awkwardly tumbled off the crag, and Christy, the good fellow, leaped after me to save me from the effects of my carelessness. I dropped my hat as I went into the water, and Christy must needs go after it without my bidding, and if it had not been for the kindness of these strangers, I should never have had him again."

She paused abruptly and blushed as she noticed the observation of the men directed to her, and remembered the plight of her drenched and straitened curls and clinging garments.

But Father Mahan laid his hand upon her head and said: "Hasten, my child, to obtain dry clothing, and I, meanwhile, will talk with these men. A shower is approaching and we shall all be your guests, probably. I see that Joe and George are not come."

"No; they are lost in the fog, no doubt, and their boat can never outlive a great storm," said she, tearfully. "See how black the cloud is, and the waves swell and the fog rises and spreads."

"Think hopefully of all things, and forget not him who brings light out of darkness and changes our misgivings into great joy. We are in his hand. Hasten, my daughter," and waiving the girl towards the hut, the priest turned to the strangers who waited his salutation.

The foremost of these was a young man not more than twenty years old, of medium stature, with a well-formed frame, an intellectual head, features denoting refinement and self-control, and a clear, steady blue eye that inspired immediate confidence. He was dressed in the garb of a sailor, and the extreme neatness of his attire, together with unusual fairness of complexion indicated that he had not seen a protracted nautical service. He was accompanied by a half-blood Indian, who stood deferentially at a little distance leaning on the oar.

"Permit me to introduce myself," said the young man, addressing the priest in a cordial voice and polished accents. "Alexander Walsworth, a resident of the city of New York, and at present a truant visitor, with my brother, at St. Johns. We have come northward in the spirit of adventure, and would not return until we had somewhat explored your rugged shores and studied their wild beauty. The promising morning enticed me to undertake a lengthened coasting excursion to-day, but we were befogged at an early hour, were soon confused in regard to our course, and after contibuous labor at the oars, have just succeeded only in emerging from the dense mist; and, had it not been for the zeal of your little friend whose energetic kindness has subjected her, unfortunately, to so great inconvenience, we should have fallen into farther trouble, for I knew nothing of the place, and Jake no more, since he has lived hitherto on the western coast of your island," and the speaker nodded to the Indian, who, upon being thus mentioned, bowed low to the priest.

"You have been guided to a safe harbor," was the reply, "where you must remain to-night, for you are many miles from St. Johns, and the storm-cloud comes up apace. This hut does not promise much entertainment to those accustomed to better fare," continued the priest, "but what is given is freely bestowed."

Walsworth interrupted him to deprecate apologies and to express his perfect content with the situation in which he found himself, and concluding, made some inquiries respecting the inhabitants of the place.

Father Mahan answered: "It is but little that I can do, either for the bodies or souls of my flock, but the Deity accepts our services according to the ability bestowed, and a small effort for our fellow-beings, wisely planned is often more truly beneficial than costly donations, and when a person sincerely desires to do good to others the opportunity is not long withheld. In the limited bounds of my parish, disappointment, need, sickness and other afflictions find abundant place, and I often spend the day in going from one scene of sorrow to another, until my heart is severely chastened and bowed down in sympathy with the suffering. The last deathbed which claimed my ministrations was almost a twelve-month since, in this very hut—thank God I may call it the last and yet give it so remote a date. The stern angel whom we may not resist, has not come to us for so long, in either storm, pestilence or decay. But there was great affliction there when Betsy Parkiss died. For Joe, her husband, and George her only child, an impetuous, generous youth not far from your own age, though rude and hard in their exterior, have tender, loving hearts, great enough not to be ashamed of honorable grief."

"But," said Walsworth, with no affectation of interest, "does not this young girl whom I saw, belong to the family?"

"Yes," returned Father Mahan, "ever since her infancy; but she was not born here. She is a veritable 'child of the sea,' brought to us by the crested wave."

"And beautiful enough to be another Venus Marina; she is a miracle of loveliness," said the young man, earnestly.

There was a merry sparkle in Walsworth's eyes which was unobserved by the priest, as he demurely inquired: "And is what you have told me her whole story?"

"Thirteen years ago, Betsy Parkiss was one morning alone with her little boy, when she thought she heard signal guns. The fog, which so often broods over these waters, and distils such heavy sorrows for waiting hearts, densely hugged the shore, and she could see nothing, but without tarrying to confirm her suspicion of probable distress by listening if there might be a repetition of the indistinct sounds, she came directly for me, that our united efforts might in some way be of use. We waited long for any sound or sight of trouble; so long, we had begun to hope we had been needlessly alarmed, and went into the hut to take our repast, but had scarcely tasted our tea when George shouted after us vociferously. We hastened out, and gained the water's edge just as a stout sailor drifted to our feet, exhausted even unto death, yet embracing convulsively and holding above the waves a smiling infant. We vainly strove to resuscitate the unfortunate man from whom the breath of life was departing, and I buried him with my people, and Betsy took the child and nurtured it for her own. We learned afterwards that a packet-ship, missing her reckoning, had run upon the rocks concealed by the mist, and that only a few passengers had been rescued by a boat sent out by an England-bound vessel. We published the deliverance, but no one appeared to claim the child, and we inferred that all those interested in it met the watery destruction from which it was so providentially saved."

"And what did you call her!" said Walsworth.

"Though she has ever been a daughter to the fisherman and his wife, in affection and obedience, I thought it not best to bestow upon her their name, which has no history and makes no pretensions, and the child, as was denoted by its rich clothing and refinement of person that was early manifest, was of good birth. A golden cross, the token of a Christian faith, suspended from the babe's neck, was marked with the initial, 'V,' and accordingly, in association with the fancy that led me to call her sea-born, I christened her Vivian, for the Lady of the Lake, and this is the only name she has ever borne."

"And equally appropriate to her circumstances and beauty," said Walsworth, despite Father Mahan's frown. But changing the subject, he inquired: "Are you solicitous for the present safety of her foster father and brother?"

"They are in God's hand," said the priest reverentially, and anxiously looking from the darkening sky to the turgid ocean. "If they are not soon in this or some other harbor, their light boat will not preserve them from their fate. But we will hope for the best, for they are strong and know the shore. We must show no concern in the presence of Vivian, for since death has proved he has power over those whom she loves, she ever trembles for the safety of those who are spared. She will gain strength with years. I know the energy of her soul."

At this moment, the priest was nearly thrown down by a tumultuous summons from Christy, while his mistress stood smiling and beckoning in the hut door.

"A call to supper," said he; "come, my friends—yes, you too, Jake, we all sit at one table. Down, Christy."

"Stay a moment," returned Walsworth, "we are not destitute of provisions. Jake, bring along the hamper. We have ample defence against hunger, as we intended to touch the shore at frequent intervals, make such explorations as the country would permit, and take our repose and refreshment at any convenient spot by the way, but the fog caused our first stay to be protracted and laborious."

There never was a prouder housekeeper than Vivian as she welcomed her guests. In addition to the homely viands the cot afforded, Jake, obeying a signal from his master, relieved the hamper of its contents, taking out cold fowl and sandwiches and pasties and fanciful little cakes and wonders which she had never dreamed of; and when at last there came a bottle of wine and clinking glasses, and a bowl of transparent jelly and a jar of New York confections right down beside her plate, she nestled her little hand in her curls and shut her eyes that she might disabuse her thoughts of their notions of enchantment and force them to recognize reality in the astonishing display before her. It proved an animated meal. Suddenly a burning flash from the skies and a deafening peal brought them to their feet. The storm had burst over them in all its fury. The maddened waves roared in echo to the thunder crashing through the heavens, the lightnings quivered blinding in mid air, the rain fell to the earth in torrents, and the wailing wind filled up every momentary pause.

The little company looked on in silence and anxiety for those who might be exposed to its destructive rage. At length Christy sprang to the door with a bound; he listened, and then rushed out into the storm, barking furiously.

"It is a human cry!" exclaimed the priest. "May the pitying Saviour have mercy!"

At the same instant the dog vaulted into the room, and seizing the priest's garments in his teeth began to drag him towards the door.

"Yes, we will go," said he. "Do not be greatly alarmed, Vivian, and stay within, and remember the good Lord above, and how brave Christy is."

The calm, encouraging voice of Father Mahan re assured her somewhat, yet she trembled with apprehension as the lightning afforded her glimpses of the men who ran to the swollen ocean following the sagacious dog. She saw them standing at the end of the beach near the rocks, she saw Christy in the raging waves, then he was invisible, again she saw a dark object rising in the boiling surge, the men struggled to reach it, and next it lay upon the ground.

Christy's piteous, doleful howl fell on her ears like a knell. He crept she crouched in the corner and hid her face with her hands. She heard the men enter and remove the scattered articles that remained of their feast, heard them lay their heavy burden on the floor. It was not necessary Father Mahan should tell her Joe was dead. She knew it already, knew the good old man, that had been such a treasure of kindness and protection, was gone forever.

Quailing beneath the stunning blow of this sudden bereavement, Vivian for a long time had not courage to open her eyes upon the scene before her. But at last her desire to do something for George, whose voice she had heard, conquered the selfishness of her own sorrow, and she looked up. She was surprised to see him sitting just before her, for she had not been conscious of his approach, and when she saw the heart-sick expression which subdued his usually animated countenance, and the deep tenderness of his gaze fixed on her, she could do no more than strive to behold him clearly through the gushing tears that veiled her eyes.

He extended his hand towards her; and she sprang up, and clasping his neck with her pliant arms, hid her face upon his breast.

"We are all alone, you and I," he said.

She answered by a burst of weeping. George brushed a tear from his cheek and presently continued: "I did my best to save him, Vivian, but the waves were too strong for me. But they could not drown him; they dashed us against the cliff and him they killed. If you were not in my arms now, I could wish they had done a double work, last year, and again to-night, and we alone are left, Vivian! I can live for you."

"Live for a greater and better One than any mortal, and you will never have to mourn the loss of your chiefest treasure," replied Father Mahan, in a solemn voice, as he drew near and lay a hand upon each bowed head before him, and then he offered a scarcely audible prayer, in which thanksgiving mingled with petitions.

"Come with me," said the priest, tenderly, when he had concluded his blessing; and he conducted them into a low room opening from a corner of the hut, where the corpse had been laid in preparation for the burial. Jake was watching by it in the dim light a flickering taper afforded, but he went out as they entered. The mourners stood long in reverent silence, which was finally broken by Father Mahan, who addressed them in words of solemn reflection.

George paid little heed to the salutary instructions of the words he heard. Every sense was absorbed in watching Vivian, who, with a deep but now more peaceful sadness, leaned over his dead parent. The uncertain light scarcely reached farther than to illumine her features and her hair, so that her head stood out alone from the background of gloom. She looked a very angel bending in superhuman pity over suffering. George worshipped her with his whole soul. Clenching his hand and compressing his lips, he uttered: "There are no ties of blood that bind us, and therefore she shall only be more wholly mine. None other has any right to claim her, or shall take her from me. She must be mine, she *is* mine, and no might shall divide us."

What answering voice did that rash spirit hear which made its courage so quickly turn traitor, which made it recoil and sink in weakness from its own stern vow of bravery? He gazed on Vivian for strength, but she floated far from him into the dim distance; he put his hands to his reeling head, but he could scarcely see her, and he reached forth in agony and fell lifeless to the ground.

It was evident to all that George, having stoutly refused every attention, had been too little cared for. Numerous contusions were found upon his head and shoulders, and the terrible struggles and exertion his late emergency had demanded, had so exhausted him it was long doubtful whether consciousness could be restored. But his vigorous constitution and the experienced skill of Father Mahan triumphed, and when the morning came, George was quite himself, only still pale and weak.

The succeeding day was devoted to the interment of the fisherman. It was now too late for Walsworth and the Indian to think of departing, accordingly they constructed a kind of tent of their blankets that they might have shelter for the night.

It was a lovely, peaceful evening. The atmosphere was clear and warm, and Walsworth, charmed with the scene, strayed away, seeking his own path over the gray cliffs. He at last came abruptly on a high and open place commanding a wide prospect of sea and land. Father Mahan was there before him.

"Look," said the priest, as he welcomed the young man, "behold the pitiless ocean, and see how it beams and blushes beneath the smiling sky, how it leaps and plays with the rainbow tints which flit over it. Thus even the tempest of the human heart may be quelled and peace ensue. Light ever succeeds darkness, and no path God opens before us is so difficult that it may not be pursued; hesitation takes the place of certainty when a true spirit seeks a knowledge of duty."

The young man offered his sympathy with boyish candor.

"Your affliction is great, and it will be long before you will learn to do without a friend who doubtless deserved your regard, but you, who have so often brought comfort to others, cannot be ignorant of its source when you yourself need it."

"I do not brood over sorrows," was the reply, "that merely concern myself, for I have long since learned to deem such of but little consequence; but I am troubled for those whose well-being is now my chief wish and responsibility—that noble youth and my beautiful sea born child."

"It is not fit that she should remain here," remarked Walsworth.

"Most certainly not," returned the priest; "neither is it more suitable that I should take her home to myself. Many a poor family in my parish would share their last morsel with her, but she needs more now than food and raiment. She has a capable mind that craves nurture, and must I see it starve and deteriorate with only such teachings as I and her ocean mother can give her? Then, too, she has well nigh outgrown her girlhood, and needs a right-minded female friend to make her a true woman, more by example than by counsel. I see no spot for her near her old home, and though it is sore parting with her, I am nearly resolved to ask you to take her with you to St. Johns, where I have some worthy friends who would protect her."

Walsworth, with hearty cordiality, exclaimed: "I have a plan better than the one you propose; permit me to take her to New York."

"Think you I can let her pass from even my poor care to yours!" said Father Mahan, with a frown. "I mean no disrespect, nor do I insinuate distrust, but evil eyes and malicious words are everywhere ready in their pernicious work. They must not sully her."

"You forget that my mother is at St. Johns," replied Walsworth, "and I trust it is not improper for me to say she possesses judicious kindness of heart, and high cultivation, and is fully qualified to do for Vivian all you could desire. I make this proposal with the more readiness, as I know she has long desired to become interested in the training and education of some young girl who might in return be wholly devoted to her in affection and duty; but she has hitherto looked in vain for such an one. She is a widow and I am her only child. We are abundantly wealthy, and every material advantage is at our command for the profit of your young friend."

"A boy, with such an open face as yours, would never deceive an old man as much in earnest as I am," replied Father Mahan; and he added sorrowfully, "It is a long, long way to New York."

"What matters it," said Walsworth, "whether you are separated from Vivian by a score or hundreds of miles, if you know she is kindly cared for?"

"Nothing, nothing," said the priest, "she shall go with you unless I see reason to revoke my decision when we arrive at St. Johns. Stay with us another day, for she must have time for leave taking; and George, too, how can I find strength to separate them!"

It was curious the next day to see Vivian, when informed of the change designed for her, and knew it must be, urged by a painful restlessness that would not suffer her to pause, visit in turu, again and again, in and near the desolate area, which was as truly a loved home to her as if it had been the fairest scene which nature ever decked with lavish hand. The weather was still lovely, and as the evening drew on, Vivian went out upon the crag, whence the ocean could be viewed far and wide. Christy was by her as he had been all day, and George, who, weak and despondent, had lost the passionate resolution of the previous evening, was also with her. They sat on the rock and Vivian put her arm about the neck of her foster-brother and strove to cheer him. Long into the evening they sat there, he endeavoring to dissuade her from going, and she striving to pour comfort into his soul.

Vivian had never before been further from home than the poor little parish church just beyond the home of the priest, and if Father Mahan, George and Christy had not been in the boat with her, the novelty of unaccustomed shore and village would have been as uncomfortable as it was engrossing. She dreaded above all things, meeting Mrs. Walsworth; but that lady, a little surprised at first, only waited to hear a short explanation by her son, before giving her a kind welcome that went to the very heart of the orphan, and it quickly responded to the appeal Mrs. Walsworth made by her pleasing person and cultivated address. Still it was not easy to part with the friends of her infancy and childhood, and when at last they and the loved rocks faded from her sight, her heart beat with a wild pain that forbade her hope for happiness again.

Mrs. Walsworth was soon established with her family in her elegant home. To Vivian everything was as wonderful as a dream. The long halls lengthened by the subdued light, the spacious apartments with lofty ceilings and pictured walls, the richness of velvet and silk, of silver and china, the beauty of form and the loveliness of color, seemed a maze she never could fully understand.

Mrs. Walsworth, with the approval of Father Mahan, had adopted Vivian and thus bestowed upon her a fortune, a distinguishing desideratum in her previous history. It was her intention to add to this all those educational, domestic and social privileges which were due to a daughter of the family. But she considerately permitted several weeks to pass before proposing any regular duties, that Vivian might become acquainted with her new manner of living, and she with the child.

Vivian soon found a friend in the housekeeper, an excellent lady, born to affluence, but by a succession of misfortunes reduced to penury, and deprived by death of the uncertain dependence on relatives. Mrs. Peyton was not too proud to receive assistance from her old friend and schoolmate, Mrs. Walsworth, if in consequence she need not sacrifice her independence, and accordingly accepted a position in her household, where she had much quiet and few cares. Vivian loved to hear her genial and instructive conversation, and see the chastened yet cheerful expression of her countenance; loved even the neat cap and soft dress, and thus none the less because Mrs. Peyton had been pleased to admire Christy and to admit him to some domestic privileges. Mrs. Walsworth had a great many engagements, and thus Vivian often sought the housekeeper's room.

Of Walsworth she saw little. He had his various engagements, and after he had laid aside the simple dress, and the more careless manners

of his northern tone, and demeaned himself to the conventionalism of city life, she stood quite in awe of him. He called her "sister," and brought her beautiful gifts, but she feared that she should never love him as she did her brother George. It was considered advisable that he should have for a while the immediate care of her literary education, and supply some of its marked deficiencies, before she should enter upon the regular routine of professed masters. With his special dislike of rudimentary drudgery, and the blunders of crude scholarship, this undertaking did not promise much that was agreeable, and he went one morning to find his new relative that he might ascertain where it would be necessary to commence in his instructions, with a sense of virtuous self-sacrifice which nearly amounted to heroism, and which was likely, should it grow with the continuance of his labors, to be an abundant solace and compensation for all the suffering that a sensitive taste would probably experience. He found Vivian in the library, and seating himself in a commodious arm chair, he opened his intentions with a benignant countenance. She was very glad and very grateful, and as she stood near the window in her elegant silk morning dress and wondrous wealth of neat and glossy curls, she certainly looked much prettier than when she had just been borne dripping from the Atlantic. Walsworth thought so, at any rate, and he proposed his first question with a degree of interest that he had scarcely anticipated.

"You can read, of course," said he, encouragingly.

"O yes, and write too," replied Vivian.

"And perhaps you have studied one or two common branches—geography, for instance?"

"Yes. I went through Father Mahan's three times, till I knew it perfectly?"

"Arithmetic?"

"Yes. But I had an old and abridged copy, and it did not require much time."

"You know something of history, doubtless?" continued Walsworth, his heroism abated a little.

"No, not a great deal. I have only read one volume, and I have found a great many here," said Vivian, looking up at the handsome covers.

"Have you acquired any accomplishments, such as French?"

"I attempted it for a little while, and learned the verbs; but Father Mahan did not understand it very well, and we had no books and I gave it up as he advised, and then I had more time for my Latin," said Vivian.

"Latin! Have you been through the grammar?"

"O yes, several times, besides learning it in connection with reading."

"What have you read?"

"The only good Latin work which Father Mahan had was Virgil, and that I had read through once and was just commencing it again."

"Ahem!" and Walsworth began to walk up and down the room with precisely the air of a man who finds his calculations confounded.

"Well," said Walsworth, after a pause, "I am heartily glad you love to study. I will arrange a regular course for you, and you shall recite to me every morning. And more than that, we will plan a method of reading. Indeed, if you like poetry, I will read to you *this* morning. I delight in a good listener, above all!"

Vivian eagerly expressed her delight, and hastened to draw her chair nearer to Walsworth than she had ever dared to before. And he looked at her with an approving smile, and he read and forgot an appointment with half a dozen good friends, and read and talked upon many suggested topics, and made Vivian talk until dinner-time.

Walsworth instructed his sister through the winter till the warm weather came again. He was so interested in her improvement as to spend entire days for her benefit, guiding her through the magic world of literature, where she went joyously by his side. But best of all, he loved to take her out upon the busy streets, to see her little hand resting on his arm, and the tribute of admiring glances which his numerous acquaintances paid to her wonderful and unconscious beauty.

They were in the library one morning, and Mrs. Peyton, who used to sit with them often when she could not contrive any domestic employments, had gone out. Walsworth shut his book, and looking at Vivian, said with a very grave face:

"How pleasant it would be, if we could spend all our days just as we have the last half year!"

"And why may we not?" said Vivian, with an anxious expression.

"In the first place, I am going to Europe in a few weeks. I have used every argument to persuade mother to take you at this time, but she says you are neither old nor wise enough, and I am forced to accept her decision; and I shall be absent a year—perhaps two."

"But that is not forever," said Vivian, endeavoring to keep a steady smile on her lips; "and they will go away very fast if we do not think too much about them, and it will be only the pleasanter when you return with countless stories of your journeyings. We will lay books upon the shelf then; and we have yet the weeks before you go."

"No, we have not, for we are to have visitors from Alabama—Mrs. Laneton and her daughter, a young lady somewhat older than you. They are gay and social, and will make sad invasion on our old fashioned quiet. You will like them, however, I think. I did at first."

"And do you not now?" inquired Vivian.

"O yes, certainly," said Walsworth, biting his lip; "but when persons are superficial in thought and feeling, they cannot command an intense and continued interest, for unless our regard is occasionally stimulated, it becomes apathetic."

"Well, never mind the present," said Vivian, trying to be cheerful. "When you return from Europe—"

"Yes, when I return," said Walsworth, gloomily; and brushing off the little hand on his shoulder, walked from the house, leaving Vivian to conjecture if she had said anything to offend him.

But she was not long undisturbed in her unpleasant contemplation, for Mrs. Peyton bustled into the room, announcing that the guests would arrive the next day, and sat down to enumerate the preparatory domestic changes necessary, and to systematize the housekeeping of the week.

"They are not like some other visitors," said Mrs. Peyton, apologizing for her excitement. "They keep the house in a constant stir when they are here, and if the servants were not well trained, would disconcert every arrangement. Mrs. Walsworth has reasons for requiring that they should receive the greatest attention. It is in part, I suppose, because they are used to it at home, for you must know that they are very rich—Miss Laneton being the heiress of about a million independent of her mother's property. But you cannot help liking them for a little while. However, I heartily pity any one who must spend a long life with them. It is desirable to have for your best friends those who are sincere and earnest—those who look upward sometimes—and therefore I am sorry for any one who is destined to live with persons not thus constituted." And looking full of sympathy for the case which she had supposed, Mrs. Peyton hurried away.

Vivian saw even less of the visitors than she had anticipated. As she had not yet "come out," she was not included in the crowd of invitations; and when there was a great dinner party at home, she entreated to be allowed to spend the evening by herself in the library. Miss Laneton laughed at her, and called her "an odd little chick," and after the company had arrived, privately sent her a *bonbon*.

Miss Laneton had much of the prettiness which is found everywhere; was agreeable, though unequal, being gracefully languid to day and merrily sprightly to-morrow. She admired and patted Vivian, and occasionally invited her to her room, to show her dresses and ornaments which had just been sent home, to tell her the events of a soiree, and to talk about Walsworth, the only sensible and really satisfactory topic she ever introduced, as Vivian thought. Vivian was obliged to her for her good nature and well-meant kindness, but could not help thinking that the whole visit was an intrusion, coming as it did on the eve of Alex's departure, and when it would have been so pleasant to have had quiet meals and undisturbed evenings with only his mother and Mrs. Peyton, and she thought it was almost unpardonable in them to stay several days after he had sailed, when they all felt so sorrowful. But they went at last, and the French maids and extra servants; and Mrs. Walsworth, tired and nervous, resigned herself to the ministering tenderness of Vivian, and wondered how people could live in such excitement the year through. * * *

The second spring had arrived which marked the absence of Walsworth. During the two years, Vivian had been busied with masters, and studied with the single ambition to be approved of Walsworth when he should return. Mrs. Walsworth lived retired, and leaned more and more in affection and dependence upon her adopted child. Vivian used to read to her and Mrs. Peyton daily, and was deputed to reply to Alex's letters, the arrival of which were the bright events that gilded each separate month. Mrs. Walsworth permitted her to keep them, and perhaps it would be hardly fair in us to say how often she perused the hoarded treasures, or how endless were the missives sent in answer.

But with all her employments, she did not forget her Newfoundland home. George and Father Mahan were often in her thoughts. She often wondered if George would come to New York, and what he would think and say if he should see her; but then she hoped he would not come with the hope of her returning with him. But one May morning he arrived, looking so unchanged that she forgot the interval that had divided them, and welcomed him with kisses as she was wont to do in olden time, and listened with smiles and tears to the homely incidents of his own and Father Mahan's life, and how they never ceased to miss her.

"And now," said he, "I have done wonders at St. Johns. I have not had a loss, and as trim a vessel as you ever saw lies at the wharf here, and there is a tidy little room in it fitted up just as you would like, and I have come to take you home with me."

Vivian was troubled for a reply, and she stammered: "I thank you so much. I should love to sail with you on the Atlantic once more—to see Father Mahan—but—Mrs. Walsworth would never consent to my going"

"What if she does not?" retorted George, impatiently. "What right has she to interfere, if you wish to go?"

"I am indebted to her for such untold kindness!" said Vivian; "and if that were not enough to secure my deference to her will, I am her child, and she is my mother. Father Mahan gave me to her. Should not that be enough?"

"He had no business to do it without my consent," exclaimed George, fiercely.

"What could he do? She would not take me otherwise."

"I was ready to take you then, as now. O, Vivian, if you love me, as you said you did, go with me and be the light of my home."

"I do love you, George, but it would be hardly proper for me to go alone; if Mrs. Peyton would only consent to a voyage, I will endeavor to gain permission to return with you," replied Vivian, quite earnest in her wish to see the ocean again, and to contribute to the happiness of her foster-brother.

"Do you not understand me yet? Hasn't your heart told you what I mean? It is proper for husband and wife to go where they will, and, Vivian, I will shield you with such care! I will cover you from danger with my very life, if need be—and would *they* do more for you?"

Vivian started as if struck, and hid her face in her hands. She comprehended, at last, but how was it that she could not answer?—that she could see only the library as it was tenanted months before, and the precious casket of letters, and—O, Vivian!

George waited to hear her speak, and he turned deadly pale as he at length continued:

"Father Mahan told me not to come for you. But Vivian, look up—lay your hand on mine once more, that I may talk to you. Nay, put your arm about my neck once more. I will not hurt you—I am going soon. My brain has reeled ever since that dreadful night. The tempest got within my head and will not be driven forth." Vivian tried to calm him, but he interrupted her. "I can read your face better than you can tell me what is in your heart. You love me a little, but not enough to be my wife. It is something that I have seen you once more, and heard your voice. Give me your handkerchief. How like you it is! It has been in your hand—I will have it for my head." George kissed her and hastened away.

At that moment Mrs. Peyton, who had been out walking, entered the room. George stayed an instant for one searching glance into Vivian's face, but he read no encouragement there, and with a groan he rushed out. Vivian sprang after him in vain. She waited hours for him to return, confident he would not leave her thus abruptly. She told her kind friends about him, and they sent a servant to find his vessel; but it was gone, and George was never again seen in New York.

Long before Vivian could regain her usual spirit, Mrs. Laneton and her daughter came. There was another round of visits, and an inundation of shopmen and milliners and servants, but the ladies remained only a week, when they set sail for Europe, expecting to meet Walsworth in Paris and to return with him. Vivian had earnestly hoped that he would come home alone, and that they should have him the first few days without interruption. One day, when alone with Mrs. Peyton in her room, she said something of all this. Vivian was sewing, and Mrs. Peyton carefully observed her face, as she replied: "I thought, at first, either Mrs. Walsworth or Alex had told you, or that some one would tell you. I should have informed you, but he requested me not to mention the matter anywhere till the time came. I reckoned you would find it out through Miss Laneton in some way, but your eyes were shut, poor child. You ought to have known it."

"What?" said Vivian, afraid to hear the reply.

"Why, that Alex and Miss Laneton are engaged and are to be married soon after they arrive." Mrs. Peyton tried not to notice the effect her words had upon Vivian—her pallor, the trembling as she strove to continue her employment, but went on: "Alex was much taken with Miss Laneton when he met her a great while ago in one of his vacations. He was desperately in love, as boys are apt to be, and as there was no opposition on either side, and as the respectability of her family was such as to satisfy Mrs. Walsworth fully, the engagement was firmly entered upon. In a year or two, his *furor* abated very considerably. He had studied and travelled, and his spirit and intellect had developed greatly. Miss Laneton is one of those persons who never grow after they arrive at a certain point, just like an annual plant which shoots up thriftily to a given elevation, and can go no farther. Alex saw his mistake. But he thought it was highly dishonorable to break an engagement. I could not make him see that it was not so bad as to fulfil it with reluctance, and so he resolved to sacrifice himself. His mother has no suspicion of his real sentiments, and you will respect his desire to hold them in concealment."

Vivian went from the room without speaking.

"Poor girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Peyton to herself. "I knew all that winter how it was going, and he is as much attached to her as she to him. But I could not say anything; it was not my duty to interfere; he must do as he will, but I hope Vivian will live through it."

We need not follow Vivian to her chamber, to read in her prostration and tears the agony and despair of her heart. Unaccustomed to analyze her affections, she had not known till this time the large devotion she had bestowed upon Walsworth. It was dreadful to learn her love and its hopelessness the self same hour. It is pitiful, when the love of life is so crushed out of young hearts!

The days passed on, and Mrs. Walsworth observed that Vivian grew sad and wan, but Mrs. Peyton referred to George's visit and her regret for his trouble as the real occasion of her depression, and recommended a change of scene. A visitor luckily arrived at this juncture—Mrs. Raymond, accompanied by two interesting children still quite young. She was a native of Italy, and had in early life experienced great vicissitudes. She had arrived in New York a widow, and during several years was favorably known to Mrs. Walsworth, from whom she received much kindness. At length she won the regard of a wealthy Virginia gentleman, whom she married. In a few years she was again a widow, but contrived to reside in retirement upon her estate, only diversifying her time by occasional travel.

Business had brought her to New York, and for two or three days she was the guest of Mrs. Walsworth. She was greatly interested in Vivian, and never tired of watching her countenance when she could do so without rudeness. She noticed her paleness and languor, and recommended a journey, and substantiated her sincerity by inviting her to return with her to Virginia. Mrs. Walsworth determined to part with her daughter for a few weeks.

The residence of Mrs. Raymond was centrally situated in a rich valley, improved by high cultivation and skirted by picturesque mountains. Vivian had never seen nature before so beautifully displayed. Another agreeable novelty was the society of children. Little Florence and Albert were unusually interesting and sprightly. She loved them greatly, and often spent entire days in sports and story telling for their entertainment. Mrs. Raymond was not only increasingly fascinated, but almost bewildered by the countenance, the air and the voice of Vivian, and repeatedly would exclaim: "How like him, my noble husband, in sunny Italy!" Vivian, on her part, loved Mrs. Raymond devotedly.

One warm afternoon, they were seated in the summer parlor. Little Florence clambered up on the couch beside Vivian, and began to play with her curls. Then the small fingers grew more daring, and took hold of the gold chain about her neck. It fell down concealed by her dress, and Florence sought to gratify her curiosity in as direct a way as her courage would permit, by saying: "Mama, what do you suppose Miss Walsworth has at the end of her chain? O, it's a heavy gold cross, with a 'V' on it; that's for Vivian. Why don't you wear it outside?"

Mrs. Raymond rose quickly, and after looking at the cross, exclaimed: My child!" and fell senseless at the feet of Vivian. When she recovered, she begged Vivian to relate her history. Vivian had scarcely given the early incidents of her deliverance from the ocean and adoption into the fisherman's family, when she was interrupted by Mrs. Raymond.

"I am your own mother," said she. "When very young, I was united to your father, Alberto Verdi, in Italy the land of our nativity. You were born, and as Alberto and I were both orphans and destitute of immediate relatives, as we had sufficient property to afford a degree of independence without exertion, we resolved to come hither and devote ourselves to your education. As we neared the sterile coast where your infancy was passed, we were enveloped in a fatal mist—we struck—the vessel sunk—Alberto disappeared forever in the waves before my eyes—the boat which picked me up was too full to take him—you had been seized from my arms by a sailor, and my poor life was all that remained to me. I did not stay in England, whither the rescuing ship carried me, but quickly returned—hoping to find you. I employed an agent to make inquiries, but unsuccessfully. That little cross has enabled me to recognize you with certainty. It was given me by Alberto before our marriage, and I took it from my own neck and sportively put it upon yours, on the morning of that dreadful day." Mrs. Raymond said much more, while Vivian clung to her with joy. The child, so long an orphan, was suddenly in possession of the richest earthly gift. She could scarcely sleep for many a night for the mysterious happiness that stirred her soul.

In a little while, Mrs. Raymond determined to visit the place which had been so long the home of Vivian. The season was already advanced, and the journey was commenced without delay. They were to sail from Philadelphia, and on their return stop at New York to explain everything to Mrs. Walsworth.

"I know she loves you dearly," said Mrs. Raymond, "and will not willingly relinquish you, and certainly her kindness strongly establishes her claim upon you. I will endeavor to be reasonable, and will share your society with her." Vivian made no reply. She could not hint even to her own mother the mournful secret of her heart.

After various changes, they reached St. Johns. Vivian anxiously made inquiries for George, and learned that he was at sea with his vessel, but was soon expected. The Indian, Jake, was fortunately at hand, and with another boatman readily consented to take the ladies to the parish of Father Mahan. Well stocked with provisions and other necessaries, they started early one pleasant morning. The fog still lay about the shore, but Jake, experienced in detecting landmarks, warily pursued his course and brought his passengers in safety to the little estuary. Vivian hastened to the deserted hut, and was greatly surprised on seeing everything precisely as she had left it. Even a loaf of her bread, which she had made to leave with George, lay on the shelf where she put it, hard as a stone. Her aching heart found relief in tears, as she thought of the tender remembrance that appeared wheresoever she turned. Mrs. Raymond, with an interest and astonishment that can easily be imagined, examined everything, wondering how life could be supported where there were so few resources. Jake was immediately despatched for Father Mahan. Meantime Vivian found occupation in preparing a dinner precisely as she used to, so that when the priest arrived he seemed quite shocked on beholding the old aspect of things so suddenly revived, and Vivian, so little changed, tripping lightly about to serve him, but yet was so glad, that she wished she might always minister to his wants.

When the repast and much conversation was over, Mrs. Raymond laid down to rest, and Vivian and the priest went together out upon the crag. The mist had receded somewhat, and lay off the shore not a mile distant. The western sunlight fell upon the dense mass, and it glistened in silver sheen. To Vivian, it was indescribably beautiful. Suddenly they were aroused by the booming sound of a gun from the vicinity of the dense fog.

"What is that? Sorrow again upon the deep!"

They listened as another gun sounded faintly over the water. Father Mahan hastened to find Jake, but the Indian and his companion had strolled away, and it was an hour before the priest returned. The boat was however manned, and the men rowed out, but would not enter the fog. They kept their position near the obscure mass, and struck their oars into the water now and then to avoid drifting away.

We will forestall the communication afterwards made, and tell the fearful disaster which the treacherous mist occasioned and concealed. George, with one man, was guiding his pretty coasting vessel to St. Johns. He knew his course and went confidently, though he could scarcely see through the fog from prow to stern. In an instant, scarcely without a warning to his ear, another vessel came down upon him, and his own was directly sunk. He, with his fellow sailor, contrived to keep afloat and were taken up by the ship. But that was found to be fast filling with water and rapidly sinking. The panic was complete. George, almost alone in calmness of action, endeavored to direct the lowering of the boats. One at last put off from the ship so densely filled with passengers that it filled and sank. Another boat had meanwhile been lowered, and into it the ladies were put. Among them was the bride of Walsworth. Ere the boat pushed off, it was seized on by the despairing drowning ones, and upset. The ship was settling fearfully, and George and Walsworth could now only seek their own personal safety from destruction. Seizing hold of a floating spar, they labored to advance in the direction of the shore, till Walsworth was benumbed and exhausted. George, obliged to support him almost wholly, was himself now failing, when the fog broke before him. His burden was insensible, and he had already borne him an incredible distance through the sea; he grew powerless and thought he should never gain the shore. But the welcome sound of oars approached, and they were rescued. George sunk down on the bottom of the boat, where they had laid Walsworth. A strange curdling of the blood, an awful stillness, a fluttering, a creeping chill about his heart, foretokened death. He looked up to the sky, and with thoughts of the spiritual world above blended the earthly image of Vivian. Jake mentioned her name and told him she was waiting on the shore. George sprang up and sat erect. They were near the little beach. In a moment more, he stood beside her.

They carried the insensible Walsworth to the house. Vivian had not recognized him, in her delight on beholding George once more, nor had scarcely noticed that there was another with him. George led her a few steps, and sitting down, took her hand and laid it on his forehead, as he leaned against the rock.

"It is calm now," said he, "this troublous head of mine, beneath your touch! My vessel has gone down, but your room was unbroken, and I thought to close it, and it will be long before the sea monsters enter it. When you go away, Vivian, take something of mine from the hut, that you may look at it and remember me."

"But I am coming to see you every year," said Vivian, "to do things for you and make you more cheerful and comfortable. Let me bring you some wine now, you look so very weary."

"Not just yet," said he, a beautiful smile playing about his lips. She kneeled beside him and put back his wet hair and wiped his brow. "Vivian, did you ever long for any precious thing that seemed so hopeless you dared not pray for it? It was thus with me, just now, when I thought I might die and never see you again. Do not grieve for me when I am gone, but remember I was satisfied to die beside the great ocean with none but you—you and I alone. Speak to me, Vivian."

"O George, George!" exclaimed she, terror-stricken as she beheld the sudden change on his countenance. She bent to kiss his cheek, as if thus she would inspire him with new life. He raised his arm and clasped her tightly, and with her name upon his lips, died. In a moment she was unconscious.

Vivian was very ill after this. So sudden a shock, in addition to the successive excitements of the season, completely prostrated her. But the skilful care of Father Mahan, who had been her only physician from infancy, the presence of her mother and Walsworth, and the home-seeming which still attached itself to the blackened hut, were effectual restoratives, and in a little while she could think of returning. Before she went away, she took the flower-plants which grew in the garden—Walsworth assisted her—and placed them on George's grave. Father Mahan promised to cultivate and protect them for her, as her foster-brother had hitherto done.

She selected some familiar articles from the few possessions George had left behind him, and consigned the remainder to the priest. Mrs. Raymond left with the old man substantial tokens of her good wishes. Again Vivian visited each loved spot, and again departed with a sad heart, but not unsolaced by present blessings and pleasing anticipations.

The party arrived safely at New York. Mrs. Peyton was abundantly satisfied when she heard their various adventures recounted, and after she had held a protracted and interesting conversation with Mrs. Walsworth and Mrs. Raymond, neither of those ladies deemed it advisable to waste any words or good feeling in contesting for the possession of Vivian.

There was a wedding shortly after, and Vivian Walsworth went with her mother to Virginia, for a bridal tour, and they were so well pleased with their visit that they often repeated it during the happy years which succeeded.

Christy lived a long and dozy life in the city, and had his portrait taken by a skilful artist, which remained to be looked at and loved when he had grown weary of old age and had gone.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

REMEMBERED.

BY MRS. E. T. ELDREDGE.

Thou art remembered at the twilight hour,
When I am gazing at the star-gemmed sky,
When most I feel affection's thrilling power,
When pearly teardrops moisten my dark eye;
'Tis then I think of dear ones far away,
Then holier thoughts with all my feelings blend,
And when alone in solitude I pray,
I breathe thy name in every prayer, my friend.

Thou canst not dream of the calm, deep devotion
That forms a part of such a heart as mine;
Full many a tender thought and fond emotion,
Full many a tear, is trembling on its shrine.
Oft, when I've whispered of the dear departed,
So early called to heaven's fair home above,
I've crushed the teardrops that would fain have started,
And smiling turned my longing eyes above.

Thou art remembered with a deep affection,
As pure and hallowed as a sister's love;
How oft I've craved our Father's kind protection,
How many a faith-winged prayer I've urged above;
Deep, deep within my heart thou 'rt fondly cherished,
No common friendship binds my heart to thine,
'Tis soul-felt, only with my life 'twill perish,
To be renewed beyond the shores of time.

Thou art remembered with a silent yearning,
Friend of my childhood's bright and sunny years;
When from false friends I have been proudly turning.
I've dreamed of thee mid all my doubts and fears.
Should'st thou prove false to friendship so devoted,
One pang perchance this wounded heart might feel;
Then would I crush each hope on which I've doted,
Then woman's pride will prove a steadfast shield.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE WIFE.

BY LOUISE T. ZIMMERMAN.

"BELLE, did you see that young gentleman staring at you?"

"No. Which one do you mean?"

"The smallest of those two who just went out; he has brown curly hair, and is real handsome. I know he is smitten with you, for he did not take his eyes off you for a moment, and do see, he has left his oysters untouched."

"Nonsense, Clara. I remember now, he did look this way once, but most of the time his eyes were turned in exactly the opposite direction."

"Then he was looking directly at you in the mirror, for do you not see that it enables every one on this side the room to see his neighbor to his heart's content?"

"Why, so it does, Clara. I wish I had noticed him more. I should not recognize him if I should see him again."

"I have not the slightest doubt that you will meet him again. Should you like to know where and when?"

"Yes. But how do you know?"

"O, he said to his companion as they were going out, that he should come here to morrow at the same hour, for they had such pretty *belles* here; and then he looked straight at you."

"How queer! I wonder how he knew my name."

"There are some young men who find out who everybody is, what their circumstances are and their general occupation and character; this is one of those, I am sure. I have seen him about town for a long while. We will find out who he is, wont we, Belle?"

"I don't care much."

"How indifferent you are. I'm sure I would not let such a chance of a flirtation slip by for anything. If I only had your pretty face I would make great havoc."

"It is real wicked for you to talk so—but come, we must go, or we shall miss the cars."

The foregoing conversation took place in a confectioner's saloon on Washington Street, between two school-girls, Isabella Vose and Clara Sawyer. The intimacy between them was wonderful, considering their different dispositions; for Belle was a quiet, demure little thing, and would have been content never to stir out of the house; while her friend was the most excitable, impulsive and flighty creature that ever lived, never satisfied unless some great frolic was going forward. Her mother died when she was very young, and she had been allowed, by her too indulgent papa, to do just what the spirit moved her to, without the least constraint. This was unfortunate, for the spirit often moved her to such wild pranks as were inconsistent with the dignity of the venerable age of sixteen.

She was a most unfit companion for the amiable Belle Vose; the latter being very susceptible to influence. But circumstances had thrown them together for so long that they finally grew to be inseparable friends. There was something strangely fascinating in Clara's off-hand, dashing way, and Belle felt it very strongly. There was also something in her constantly excited state which had a tendency to dispel the *blues*, and so for that reason, if for no other, she was a universal favorite. She had always lived in the same town with Belle, and they had always been in the same school together there, and when Belle was old enough to go in the cars to school in Boston, Clara indeed her father to let her accompany her friend. Thus she had ample opportunity to acquire an immense influence over Belle, and she improved it to the utmost.

The next day, as Belle and Clara were on their way to the depot, they met the same two youths in Tremont Street whom they had discussed the afternoon before. As soon as they saw the young girls, they turned and went into the mall, and thus they followed them to the depot, keeping inside the mall, while the girls were, outside the Common. When they came to Pleasant Street, Clara and Belle crossed over to the left side of the street, the young men took the right, and Belle was terribly afraid that they would speak to her; but they only looked into the depot to see what train they would get in, and when they had found out that, they seemed satisfied and walked off.

Clara was in raptures about their adventure, but Belle, although amused, hoped they would not continue this diversion. Clara assured her that they would, and she said she knew they intended to come to the depot the next day and follow them to school.

Surely enough, there they were the next morning, and, as the young girls passed, they raised their hats. Clara returned the bow, and scolded Belle for not doing the same. That day, Belle was obliged to leave school sooner than usual, and take an earlier train, so she did not see her admirer again. Soon after dinner she received the following characteristic note from her friend:

"You dear little prettiest of monkeys, you do not know what you lost to day by being so obedient to mama, as to leave school the moment she told you to. You should have waited half an hour (think how aggravating, only a little half hour longer) for your unknown stricken one walked up and down the court, sighing (I could hear him way up at the window) till recess was over. The girls saw him, and they think he is perfectly splendid. But I can't write you another word. Come to see me instantly, and I will tell you something worth hearing. If you don't come in five minutes I shall go crazy with pent up facts. In haste,

CLARA."

Belle smiled as she read the signature, and wondered when her friend was not "in haste." She was not at all so herself, for it was a full hour before she started for Clara's house. When she got there she was almost persuaded that her friend's threatened insanity was actually verified this time, for she nearly tore her to pieces, at one moment declaring that she would never speak to her again for having kept her waiting for so long; at the next, directly contradicting herself by calling her "the dearest little duck in the world, to come to see her own Clara," etc.

"Now for your important disclosures, Clara," said Belle, as soon as she was able to speak.

It was not long before Clara began.

"Well, perhaps I will tell you. What should you say if I told you that I have had a long conversation with your 'faithful follower?'"

"I should not believe it."

"Well, you needn't—but I have. Joe Stickney walked up past our school with him, to-day, and, as soon as I came out, they joined me; and Joe introduced him as Mr. Bradford, and he called him Bill. So his name is William Bradford. What a pretty name—William Bradford. He said he had often had the pleasure of seeing me with another young lady; and, as I knew that the 'other young lady' would be a most interesting subject, I immediately told him that you had gone out at eleven o'clock, and that you would be sorry to have missed seeing him."

"Why, Clara, how could you?"

"It's all right, precious one; for he didn't believe a word I said, and he told me so, too. We talked about you all the time; and he said he must be introduced to you. I told him he had come to the right person, because I approve of encouraging the timid, and of setting people up in business."

"Clara, what a queer girl you are."

"My dear, let me tell you that the world would stop if it had not in it just such choice spirits as myself. Well, we arranged that he should come and meet us after school to-morrow, and walk up to the depot with you, while I am put off with Joe, or that other promising-looking friend of his. Wont it be jolly?"

"No; I shall be frightened to death."

"He shan't bite you; I'll make him promise that, before the introduction takes place."

So, accordingly, the next day beheld our two young ladies walking down Washington Street with their respective escorts. Belle was, in Mr. Bradford's opinion, if possible, more charming than ever; and she thought him the most agreeable gentleman she had ever met. When they parted, he told her he hoped to have the pleasure of seeing her again soon, and very often. Clara invited both the young men to come and see her; of course they promised they would, and I need scarcely add that they soon fulfilled their promise.

The ice being once broken, affairs went on grandly—so Clara said. It is true, great progress was made in the flirtation. Belle Vose was the envy of all the school, for Willie Bradford was thought the handsomest young man in Boston, and he certainly was very fascinating.

All this time Mrs. Vose knew nothing of what was going forward. Clara had made Belle promise not to say a word about it, for it would only worry her mother, and then "you know it is only a flirtation," she would say, "and the old folks always suspect *serious* consequences if a young man even speaks to a girl."

It was a fatal mistake that Belle made, not to tell her mother, for it would have broken up the dangerous intimacy between herself and Clara. The latter foresaw this, and that was the reason that she enjoined secrecy so strongly upon Belle.

So the poor child met him day after day, and each meeting only served to strengthen her growing attachment for him. Every afternoon she went with him either to drive (they always started from Clara's house), or the Museum, or to the concert when there was one, or to some other place of entertainment. They were seen together so often that the inevitable report under such circumstances got about the city; viz., that they were engaged. Mrs. Vose was a great invalid and seldom left the house, and Mr. Vose was almost entirely engrossed in business, so that it was some time before the current report reached them.

One morning a friend came into Mr. Vose's counting-room, while he was reading the newspapers, and saluted him with:

"Vose, I declare, your daughter has done well to secure that rich young Bradford. Why, man, he is the wealthiest heir in the State."

Mr. Vose dropped the paper, and sat staring in dumb amazement. When he could find his voice, he asked for an explanation of the mysterious words which had been spoken. The gentleman then told him the report that was circulating, and the ground there was for believing it. Mr. Vose only said to his friend:

"Believe me, sir, there is no truth in it."

But he felt deeply grieved that his only daughter should have thus deceived him; she whom he had always looked upon as so pure and confiding. Ah! fond father, that was the very reason that she had been led astray. He had his suspicions too, about young Bradford, for he had always heard of his being a wild young fellow, and the thought that he might break his daughter's heard nearly crushed him. "But perhaps it is not yet too late," he said to himself.

"Isabella, my child, where are you going?" asked her father as he saw her after dinner putting on her bonnet.

"Only to Clara's, father."

"Why do you go there so often?"

"Intimate friends are always together, father. I'm sure, I couldn't live without seeing Clara every day."

"I am sorry to hear it. Is there any one else whom you wish to see every day?"

"Clara is the only intimate friend I have. There is not one of all the other girls at school, whom I should care ever to speak to again."

"My question was not limited to the girls. Is there no young man whom you like very much?"

"It is all over with me," thought Belle, "for father has heard all about it."

She did not answer, but burst into tears.

"You distress yourself needlessly, my daughter," said her father. "I was only going to tell you to invite the young man *here* to see you. It is proper that your parents should know every one who is attentive to their child. You had better ask him here to tea, to-night, if you see him. That is all."

That was not all for poor Belle. She was completely overcome with confusion at the knowledge of her own hypocrisy, and at the kind treatment she met with from her father.

"O, why did he not tell me never to see either Clara or William again. Then I should not feel so humiliated; but now I am weighed down with a sense of my own wickedness. I cannot even ask father's forgiveness. O, I wish I were dead!"

Thus thought Belle; but after the first shock was over she came to the conclusion that, on the whole, life is rather pleasant than otherwise, and fully worth the trouble it gives. She quite brightened up with the prospect of inviting William to her house, and when she started for Clara's, where she was to meet him, she was as composed as usual. She could say nothing to her friend then, about what had happened, for Willie was waiting to take her to drive; so she only asked Clara to spend the evening with her, promising her pleasant company home if she would come; but Clara was engaged.

When they started, Belle related to Willie all that had passed between herself and her father. He said it was jolly of the old gentleman to forgive matters so easily, and accepted the invitation to tea. Then he burst out with:

"What do you think I heard about myself to-day?"

"What did you hear," asked Belle.

"Why, they say we are *engaged*."

"I am sorry people are so foolish," answered Belle, blushing violently.

"Foolish; why, it's the most natural conclusion in the world to come to, when a young lady and gentleman are seen together so often. But people now-a-days are so *fast* that they often get a little ahead of the times."

"Do see that pretty bird!" cried Belle.

"I must prefer this one," he said, looking at her roguishly. Then he continued:

"It is needless for you to try to change the subject, for I will enter on no other till this is finished satisfactorily.

"Really," said Belle, "I have never thought of you except as a friend. We are too young to think of being engaged."

"You are fifteen and I am nearly twenty. Early engagements and marriages are always happiest, for they come before the heart is hardened by contact with the world. There is no reason why we should wait. I am rich, and have nothing to do, and need some other object to live for besides myself. You are that chosen object. Say, shall we be engaged?"

Belle stammered something about "suddenness," "youth," and "asking father," and William was satisfied.

He now went to see her at her own house, and from this time all was done openly and with propriety. Mr. Vose's consent was finally obtained to the engagement, but on condition that the marriage should be put off till Belle was eighteen. This condition was broken, however, for William was impatient to settle in business, which he declared he could not do while he had to spend half his time at the Voses. Belle too could do nothing, think of nothing, which had not some reference to her lover. So between them both there was no peace, and the only way to secure it was to let the young people be married and go away.

They were, therefore, married on the day Belle was sixteen; and all that were present declared there never was such a pretty young bride, and that the bridegroom was handsome enough and rich enough, *if* he was only *good* enough.

About the middle of June they were married, and started immediately for Saratoga; from thence they went to Niagara; and after spending some time on the lakes they returned to the east and passed the rest of the summer at Nahant.

William loved travelling, and was not contented unless he had a prospect of change before him. So he gladly embraced an opportunity to go to New Orleans on business. There he took his young wife and passed the winter, entering into all the gaieties of the season. But while all around was gay, Belle bore a sad and heavy heart. Let us listen to what the world says of the young couple.

"Madame Mardeau, have you observed how altered Mrs. Bradford is of late?"

"Yes; but I think it is from too much excitement. She is very young and is not accustomed to it."

"I fear it is caused by some anxiety. I have noticed she no longer seems to enjoy society."

"You were speaking of Mrs. Bradford!" said a third lady. "There is an excellent reason for it. Her husband neglects her shamefully, and goes with much low company. Cousin Fred saw him the other night walking arm-in-arm with one of the greatest rowdies in the city."

"Poor Mrs. Bradford! It would have been better for them if they had remained at the cold and sober north."

Meantime, the Voses suspected all was not right, for they received only short letters from their absent child, and the intervals between grew longer and longer. At length they heard nothing for some months, and Mr. Vose, nearly distracted with anxiety, started for New Orleans.

Belle made a great effort to appear cheerful, but she could not deceive her father, for he watched her too closely. Upon his asking her if she would not like to go back with him and make her mother a visit, the tears started to her eyes, but she kept them back, and said she could not leave William, and she knew he would not want to go. As soon as William appeared, all was clear as day to Mr. Vose. He knew full well the cause of his blood-shot eyes, his hesitating speech, and his restlessness. But he thought it best not to seem to observe anything extraordinary; so he only said he had been alarmed because they had not written for so long, and he thought he would come to make them a little visit.

At the end of a week Mr. Vose and his daughter started for *home*, William's consent having been easily obtained to his wife's departure. He said that he intended to come north soon himself, to settle in business permanently.

Well is it for us that the future ever wears an impenetrable veil, that the present only is ours. And well was it that poor Belle knew not that she was now parting from her husband, still fondly loved, although unworthy, perhaps forever.

Not a word did Belle hear from him for three years; and she only knew through others that he was living, and still in New Orleans. She continued to write to him regularly, and she never once reproached him for neglecting her so cruelly. She would gladly have taken her child and gone to him, but her father would not allow it. And so Belle pined away day after day, seeing no one but her parents and her child. There was a patient, meek resignation about her that was very touching.

The buds of hope bloomed heavenward in her heart, and every fresh disappointment only served to nourish and strengthen the tender shoots of piety so long overlooked. Her child was all that held her to the earth; and she even prayed that it might please Heaven to take her and her daughter, that they might as angels guide the erring steps of the husband and father.

Mr. Vose was unwearied in his care of his child. He took her frequent journeys, and did everything in his power to divert her attention from her sufferings.

Four years after she left New Orleans, she was with her father at a favorite watering-place, near Portland. They had been there about a fortnight, when one night as Belle was walking up and down the piazza with her little girl, a servant approached and handed her a note, saying that it required an immediate answer. She took it with great composure, supposing it to be a message from her father, who had gone to N—— to spend the day. We leave the reader to imagine her agitation on reading the following lines:

"MADAM:—Your husband is here dangerously ill. He wishes to see you before he dies. Come quickly or it will be too late. The bearer will conduct you."

It was the work of a moment to give the child into the hands of the nurse, and in another moment Belle was ready to follow the conductor. He led the way up innumerable flights of stairs, which grew narrower as they approached the roof, until they came to a long, dark entry, dimly lighted by a gas burner which projected from the wall. The man then said that they were obliged to put the gentleman up so high because he was crazy half the time, and disturbed the rest of the boarders. Belle heard nothing, saw nothing. She was deeply engaged in prayer. The servant knocked softly. A low voice said "come in," and, on entering, there was only a venerable old gentleman to be seen, sitting by the curtained bedside. He said to Belle:

"He is asleep now, but when he wakes it will be best that you should be the first person whom he sees. A familiar face restores him to consciousness."

Belle sat down near the head of the bed, with her face towards the sick man, and watched his painful breathing.

He was fearfully changed. Dissipation had made sad ravages on his once handsome face. But to his beautiful wife he was still her own William, rendered more dear perhaps, by their long separation. She felt happier than she had since they were first married.

At length the sufferer awoke. He fixed his eyes on Belle, and said:

"It was only a dream then—a terrible dream. No, I am dreaming now; and what I see is only a vision. Sweet spirit! never leave me; if you will promise that, I will be a new man. I will begin life again. O, keep her, do not let her go! Father, father, make her stay or I shall die."

"My son, what you see is no vision. This is your wife, your much injured wife."

"I believe you, father, though I wouldn't believe a word the others told me—they all lied—they were hypocrites—fiends. But I never doubted you or Belle. Belle, can you forgive—"

"Yes, yes, all is forgotten; but you must be quiet now, dear William, and try to sleep."

"Will you promise me that you will not leave me again?"

"Never again, William."

She put her hand in his, and he soon fell into a peaceful slumber. It was an angel that watched beside his pillow that night, and she wore the form of his wife.

Heaven granted her prayer, and restored him to life, and he *truly* lived then for the first time.

Need I say that Belle regained her color and her cheerfulness entirely, that William became an honorable member of society, and that they were ever after blessed with happiness?

Perhaps some of my readers would like to know what become of Clara Sawyer. Belle's sufferings, and the knowledge that she was the indirect cause of them, nearly broke her heart. She ceased from her wildness, and settled down into a sober, staid and most proper young lady. She was finally married to a clergyman, and they went to the west. There, Clara was distinguished as the most charitable and useful woman in the country. She thought she could never do sufficient good to atone for the evil she had once caused.

Jester's Picnic.

The Rev. Hamilton Paul, a Scotch clergyman, is said to be a reviver of Dean Swift's wit in the choice of texts. For example, when he left the town of Ayr, where he was understood to have been a great favorite with the fair sex, he preached his valedictory sermon from this passage: "And they all fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him." Another time, when he was called on to preach before a military company, in green uniforms, he preached from the words: "And I beheld men like trees, walking." He once made a serious proposal to a young lady whose Christian name was Lydia, and as that time took for his text: "And a certain woman, named Lydia, heard us; whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul."

A paper in Ohio tells a good joke of several prisoners who were confined in one of the county jails of the Buckeye State. The jail was old and dilapidated, and one night they escaped from their durance vile, or in other words, "broke jail"—but instead of escaping, the jailor found them next morning, seated on the top of their prison-house, patching the roof with great violence. Surprised beyond measure, he asked them what they were doing, whereupon one of them replied that "the house looked so bad when it rained, they concluded they would step out and repair the roof."

It is related of a clergyman, the late Rev. Mr. Milton, of Newburyport, who had a church member named Mark, who was in the habit of sleeping in sermon time, that one day, in the middle of his discourse, being about to proclaim an important text, he exclaimed, "Mark! mark! mark! I say!" The church dreamer, taken suddenly in the depth of a profound nap, started to his feet in the midst of the congregation, when the preacher continued, *Mark* the perfect man, and behold the *upright*, for the end of that man is peace!"

A Frenchman at a large dinner party, got into a violent dispute with a gentleman, who, striking the flat of the table, was too far away for personal insult; but who said, "Sir, if I were near you, I would give you a box on the ears—so you may consider the blow as given." "And I," said the other, "were I near you, should draw my sword, and run you through the body—so you may consider yourself as *dead*."

Monsieur Thiers, when he was in London, went to see St. Paul's Cathedral. He was stopped at the door for the customary fourpence. This he obstinately refused, inquiring all the while, "Is it not one cathedral?" He was made to understand at last what the demand was for, when he said, "Ha! now I comprehend. There are six feur great men in England, dat you make de people pay to see dem. It's very sheap!"

"O, I met such a beautiful girl in the street to-day," said a gentleman to a lady friend, to whom he was doing the agreeable hot many evenings since; "she was dressed in deep mourning; I think I have never seen a sweeter face." "Who could it have been?" said his listener, smoothing down her bombazine dress, and glancing at the crape folds to see if they were properly adjusted; "pretty, you say? Who could it have been—*I wasn't out*."

Before the days of the teetotalers, a neighbor of Mr. Blabee saw that gentleman, at an early hour of the day, crawling slowly homeward on his hands and knees over the frozen ground. "Why don't you get up and walk, Mr. Blabee? Why don't you get up and walk?" said his neighbor. "I w-w-would, b-b-but it's so almighty *thin* here that I'm a-a-afraid I shall b-b-break through!"

Threescore and ten years since the ladies had a fashion of wearing head-dresses, known as "top-knots." A clergyman of the day desiring to preach against the extreme to which fashion led the female portion of his flock, preached from the text, "Top-not come down." The text may be found in the 17th verse of the 24th chapter of Matthew.

There is a story of a Portuguese schoolmaster who tried to give a severe flogging to his wife every month, just before he went to confession. On being asked the reason of this proceeding, he replied, that having a bad memory, he took this method of refreshing it, as his good wife, while under the castigation, was always sure to remind him of all his sins.

"If you ever think of marrying a widow, my son," said an anxious parent to his heir, "select one whose *first* husband was hung; that is the only way to prevent her throwing his memory in your face, and make annoying comparisons." "I was going to say that would please me," exclaimed a crusty old bachelor: "she'll then praise *him*, and say *hanging would be too good for you*."

A country schoolmaster once asked one of his pupils if he had ever seen an elephant's skin. "Yes, sir, I have," shouted the young hopeful. "Where?" inquired the schoolmaster, quite amused at the boy's earnestness. "On an elephant," was the reply, accompanied with a most provoking grin.

An artist showing his pictures to a customer received the following sharp retort: "Well, I don't think much of this," said the customer, holding up the picture before him. "Don't think much of it! Why, sir, it is a very rare print—a very rare print indeed, sir!" "Rare! I've no doubt it is *rare*—it certainly is not *well done*!"

Mr. Alexander, of San Pedro, while shipping some eggs, was accosted by a rather seedy looking fellow, who asked him if those were Mormon eggs. "No sir," was the laconic reply, "these are hen's eggs; Mormons don't lay eggs," which greatly shocked the inquisitive gentleman, and amused the bystanders.

One of the most impudent things in the world is for a potentate, in addressing his army, to parade about their "co-operation" in glory. It is like two men with a purse and money between them: one takes the cash, the other is sent off with the piece of knitted silk.

An old lady combated the idea of the moon being inhabited, by remarking with emphasis that the idea was incredible to believe. "For," said she, "what becomes of the people in the new moon, when there is nothing left of it but a little streak!"

A new novel has been published under the title of an old saying—*Never too late to mend*. This time-honored maxim is to be received with a qualification. It may hold good of our spiritual being, but unfortunately, it does not apply to the sole of our boot.

Mr Justice Page was renowned for his ferocity upon the bench. While going circuit, a barrister named Crowle was asked if "the judge was not just behind." "I don't know," said Crowle, "but if he is, I am sure he was never *just* before."

Jonathan thus describes a steamboat:—"It's got a saw mill on one side, and a grist mill on t'other, and a blacksmith's shop in the middle; and down cellar there is a tarnation great pot boiling all the time."

Bishop Berkeley's singular theory as to the non-existence of matter is well known. Byron wrote of it:

"When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter,
It was no matter what the bishop said."

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